★ July 22, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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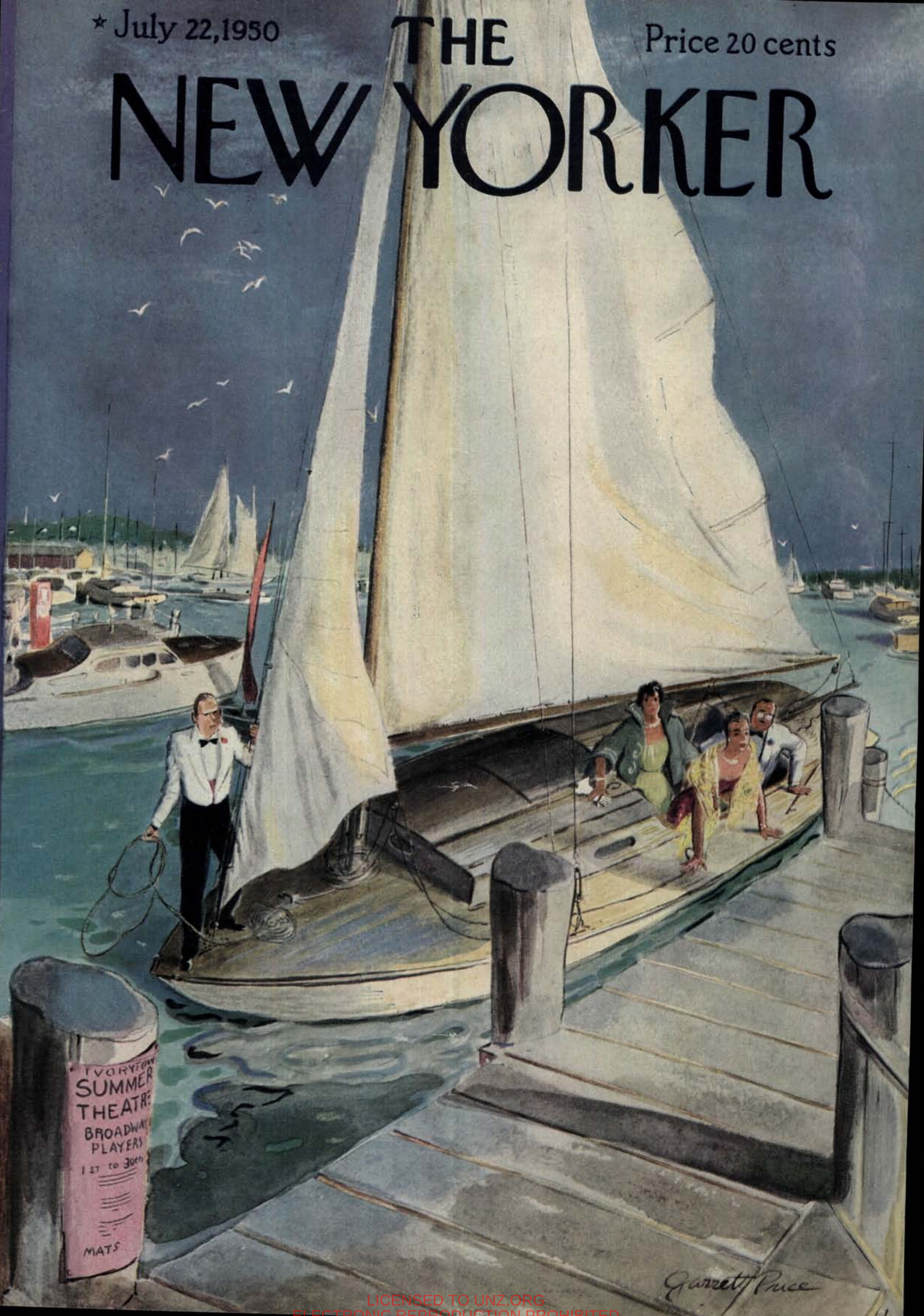
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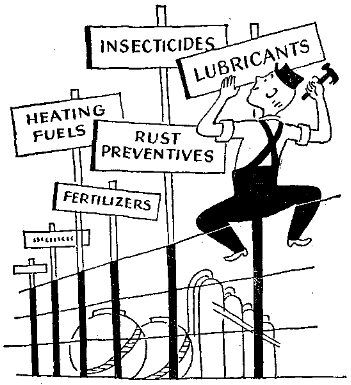
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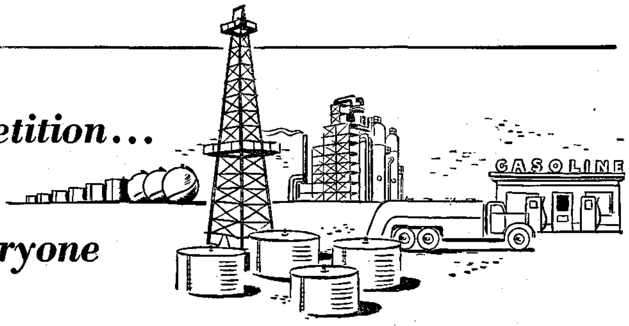


Published by Shell Oil Company in cooperation with the Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Now with Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips, as well as Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—There is so much that is true and moving in this play about a middle-aged couple who have more or less ruined their lives that it seems a pity the author so often slips into bathos. Shirley Booth and Wallace Ford have the leading roles, and they are capably supported by Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—A comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is somewhat in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously compelling as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and eight-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**DEATH OF A SALESMAN:** The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Albert Dekker is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DETECTIVE STORY:** Sidney Kingsley's roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and the cast includes Lina Romay. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has added some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**KISS ME, KATE:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Keith Andes and Anne Jeffreys. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Parisienne—A comedy by Ashley Dukes adapted from a play by Henry Becque, the first in a series of four classic plays to be produced by Sam Wanamaker and Terese Hayden, in association with Harriett Ames, and directed by Mr. Wanamaker. Faye Emerson, Francis Lederer, Romney Brent, and Helmut Dantine will play the leading roles. Opens Monday, July 24, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 5. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, in association with Chandler Cowles, and directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 12.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, July 22: "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: "Tonight at 8:30." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 22: Shelley Winters in "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Burgess Meredith in "Harvey." (North Shore Playhouse, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, July 22: Stuart Erwin in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Guy Kibbee in "The Old Soak." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 22: "The Traitor." Wednesday through Saturday, July 26-29: "Light Up the Sky." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 22: "White Cargo." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: "Born Yesterday." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

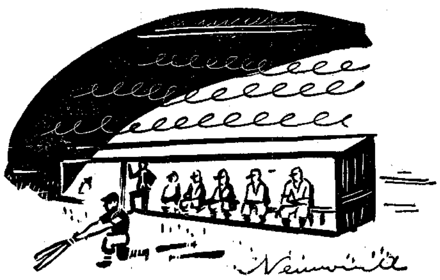
Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 22: Nigel Bruce and Dorothy Sands in "Yes, M'Lord." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Zero Mostel and Kate Harkin in "The Imaginary Invalid." (Cohasset Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, July 22: Maurice Evans in "The Devil's Disciple." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Gertrude Lawrence in a new play, "Traveller's Joy." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, July 23: "The Traitor." Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30: "Born Yesterday." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

Danbury—Through Sunday, July 23: Dorothy Sandlin in "Bitter Sweet." Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30: "The Red Mill." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 22: Faye Emerson and Francis Lederer in a new play,



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE NEW YORKER
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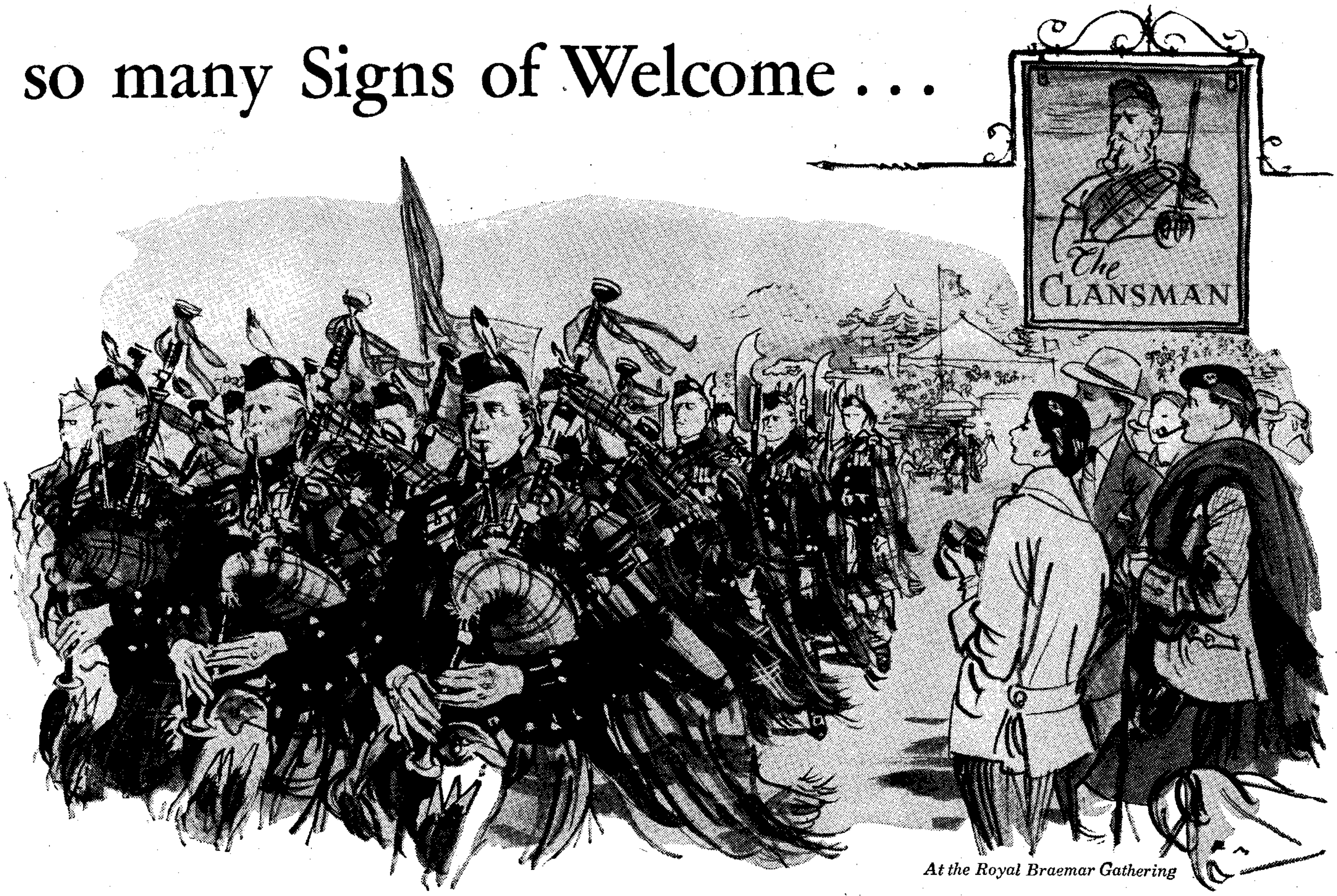

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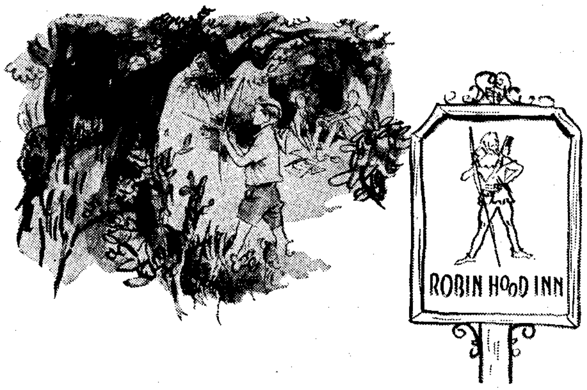

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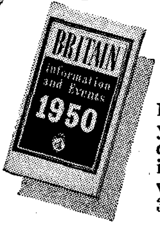

PLAN YOUR TRIP NOW

. . . for this Fall, or for 1951, FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN YEAR. Ask your travel agent for a FREE copy of "Calendar of Events," and for other illustrated literature on Britain. Or write BRITISH TRAVEL CENTRE, 336 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Parisienne." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Luise Rainer in "Lady from the Sea." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 22: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Carol Stone and Jack Whiting in "The Gay Divorce." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Saturday, July 22: Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken in a new comedy, "Angel in the Pawnshop." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Martha Scott in "Another Language." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 22: "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: "Ten Nights in a Barroom." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, July 22: "Pygmalion." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: "Life with Father." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Hyannis—Through Sunday, July 23: "Rio Rita." Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30: "Song of Norway." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 22: Lon McCallister in "The Poor Nut." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: To be announced. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 23: "The Red Mill." Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30: "Anything Goes." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 23: "Happier Harvest," a new comedy. Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30: "Candida." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, July 22: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 22: Edward Everett Horton in "My French Wife." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Nancy Andrews and David Burns in a new musical, "Break It Up." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—Through Saturday, July 22: "Roberta." Starting Monday, July 24: "Naughty Marietta." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 22: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Gloria Jean in "Strictly Dishonorable." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 22: "Light Up the Sky." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Burl Ives in "Knickerbocker Holiday." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, July 29, at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 20: "Uncle Vanya." Friday and Saturday, July 21-22, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 25-26: "Thunder on the Left." Thursday, July 27: "The Quick and the Dead." Friday, July 28: "Ladies in Arms." Saturday, July 29: "Nathan the Wise." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

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New Hope—Through Saturday, July 22: Conrad Janis in "June Moon." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 22: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: James Dunn in "Harvey." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, July 22: Laraine Day in "Angel Street." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Victor Jory in "The Spider." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 22: "The Live Wire," a new play by Garson Kanin. Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Leo G. Carroll in "Once an Actor," a new play by Rosemary Casey. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, July 23: Lillian Gish in a new play, "Miss Mabel." Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30: Maurice Evans in "The Devil's Disciple." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 23: "Ah! Wilderness." Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30: "Born Yesterday." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 22: "Laburnum Grove." Starting Wednesday, July 26: "The Glass Menagerie." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, July 22: Burgess Meredith in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Margo in "The Respectful Prostitute" and "Red Peppers." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 22: "Misalliance." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: "Ladies in Arms." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga—Through Saturday, July 22: Victor Jory in "The Spider." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Fran Warren in "Finian's Rainbow." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 22: Fran Warren in "Finian's Rainbow." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Eve Arden in "Over 21." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 22: "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, July 22: "Private Lives." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: "Claudia." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 22: "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: "Both Your Houses." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 22: Basil Rathbone and Meg Mundy in "The Winslow Boy." Monday through Saturday, July 24-29: Mildred Dunnock and Don Hanmer in "Within a Glass Bell," a new play by William Marchant. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 23: Margaret Webster in "The Three Sisters." Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30: "The Late Christopher Bean." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2:45.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, July 21-22, at 4 and 9: José Limón and his company, Pearl Primus, and Lillian Moore.... ¶ Wednesday, July 26, at 9; Thursday, July 27, at 4; and Friday and Saturday, July 28-29, at 4 and 9: Iva Kitchell, La Meri, and Mia Slavenska and her company, with Anna Istomina and Nikita Talin. (Lee, Mass.; through Saturday, Sept. 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, Jules Lande's band plays for dancing in the basement Garden, a summery spot where you can be sure of not getting sunburned.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, one of the last good big bands, making persuasive dance music in this colossal treetop. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra operates during dinner on the Cascades Roof, which closes at ten, and for cocktails "under the clock." No dancing anywhere. The Roof is closed Saturdays and Sundays, and the clock ticks all by its lonesome on Sundays.

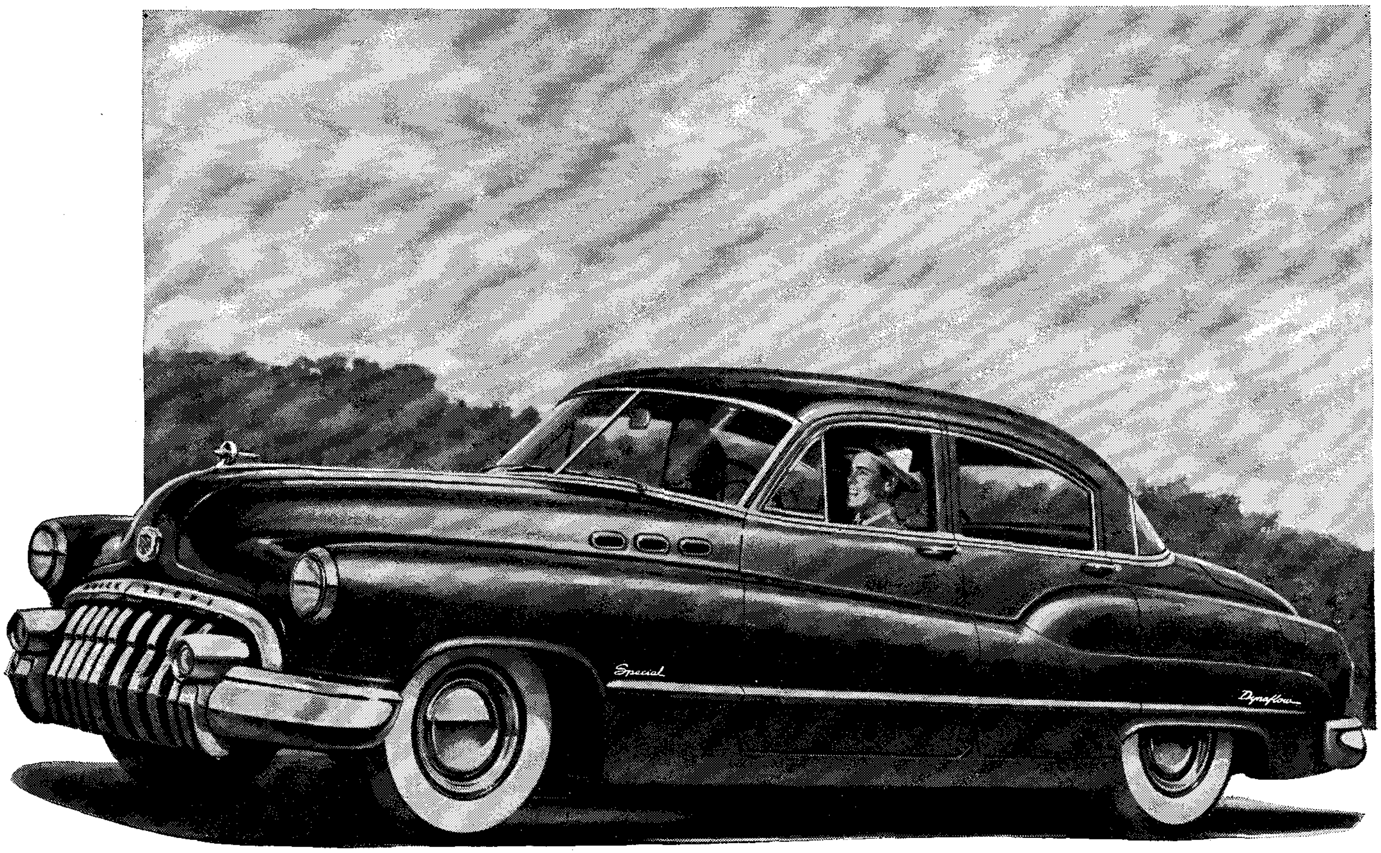
Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—A romantic view of New York from the rim of the Marine Roof, where dinner begins at six and life (egged on by Bob Collum's dance orchestra) at nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Billy Daniels, who is a passion-flower sort of thrush, and the Mad Moiselles, whose humor has a bland hobgoblin air. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist. Dancing.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): One of those summer-weight shows (Mindy Carson, who sings, and Romo Vincent, a sometime comic, are there at the moment) that often seem just an excuse for the Copa girls to change their costumes now and then. Dance music, disc jockeys, swimming lessons, balloon ascensions, and other guest privileges.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, in which Walter Dere Wahl's mock acrobatics, the Rigoletto Brothers' mock prizefight, W. C. Handy's true-blue trumpeting, and Harry Armstrong's honest singing stand out as the principal good deeds. Other distinguished veterans—Noble Sissle and Billy Banks—are involved with the dance music.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The social headquarters of several extreme-



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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

ly active mutual-admiration organizations. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The major hot-weather Chef's Special in the Terrace Room is the ice show, compounded of many traditional ingredients and also offering Jean Arlen and a couple of other new young ladies especially designed to wear short shorts. Bernie Cummins' band provides well-tempered dance music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth performs every day for cocktail dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre, and Bernice Byres sings.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Rendez-Vous Room, a replica of the Vienna of your fondest dreams, you'll find Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Leo LeFleur's cocktail-hour music, except Saturdays and Sundays. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell and his band, who are having a holiday with strings. The piano team of Forrest and Margaret Perrin fills in the chinks. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, an attractive and fashionable vacation resort with an enviable record of good weather, has dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz, who ride their moving platforms with the grace of skilled surfboarders. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Shep Fields and his band tee off in the Café Rouge at dinnertime, and wander in and out through suppertime. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A more sedate version of the television show of the same name, featuring a number of promising child actors. Suzy Mulligan, the housemother, sings now and then; Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band make reasonably beautiful music.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Dancing-on-the-green under God's great big old heaven, to the music of a couple of small bands and a hidden choir of taxi horns.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A completely modernized pleasure dome with plenty of leg room, Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band, and Don Cornell, a recent refugee from a ninety-piece dance band, who's in charge of the vocal work.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, Paula Kelly and the Modernaires make dinner and supper rather pleasant occasions, sometimes with song, sometimes with high jinks. Sammy Kaye's orchestra plays at dinner and again, assisted by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. On Sundays, the Borr band goes it alone until midnight. On Thursday, July 27, Phil Spitalny's and Griff Williams' orchestras will move in.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

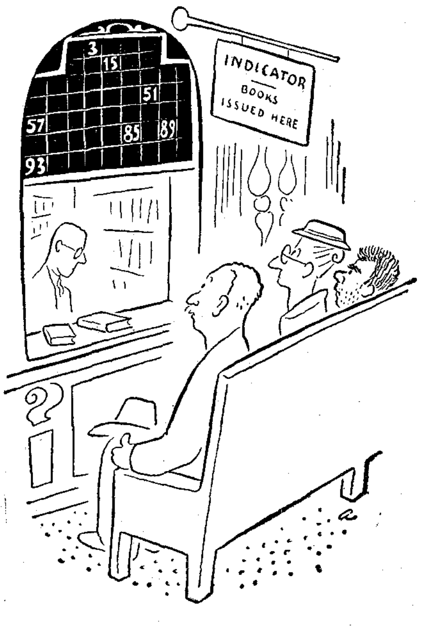
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Students of the pianoforte and just earnest listeners gather after nine to hear what new ideas Eadie and Rack have on the fire. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, dean of night-life band leaders, holds forth here after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio helps out with the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from Park Avenue elbow to elbow. Except Sundays, Nicolas Matthey delivers tableside string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio is on-stage after ten. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): This Village green now offers Jimmy Lee, a composer of rapscallion ballads who hasn't been around much lately, plus Christine Barrett, a fledgling soprano. Harold Fonville and Hazel Webster play piano. Sunday is old-movie night; Monday is amateur night. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At cocktail time, there's Joan Bishop's piano Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, singer of our best grade of modern love songs, is in her parlor, upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, the chipper little Londoner, starts playing piano toward the end of dinner. Muriel Gaines, whose songs have a low sugar content, joins him at supper. Piano music Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmy Daniels and his loyal mates—the blues-shouting Mae Barnes, the singing pianist Norene Tate, and the clowning pianist Garland Wilson—begin their variety show at ten-thirty, doing (as the spirit moves) solos, duets, trios, and quartets. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from seven to one, except Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ GRINZING,** 323 E. 79th St. (RE 4-9117): Fritzi Scheff, one of the great minxes of the old school, is singing her standbys brightly and cleverly at dinner and supper here. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Harold Cooke is now the nocturnal prowler on the Steinway grand in the bar. Sunday night is Silent Night.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Deep-breathing exercises by Wild Bill Davison, Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and sometimes even Mr. Condon, the world's least famous athlete. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is at work here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A new band, Dixieland in mood, made up of Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, among others. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Ella Fitzgerald's authoritative singing, a wild hay ride with Illinois Jacquet's shrill musicians, and Cy Coleman, a smart boy at a piano, heading his interesting experimental trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): In the Mermaid Room, after six-thirty, Joe Bushkin, sitting on a flagpole over a huge bar, does some fine things to a piano, now by himself, now accompanied by two side men. No music Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Three sets of musicians—Charlie Parker's band, Stan Getz's trio, and a group headed by Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5280): Those Friday jazz parties. On July 21, it's a race between Wild Bill Davison's team (Buster Bailey, Wilbur de Paris, Frank Signorelli, and Tony Sbarbaro) and Red Allen's mob (Bob Wilber, Vic Dickenson, James P. Johnson, and John Kirby). . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, employing (on July 21) Edmond Hall, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Dick Carey, and Munn Ware.



IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra and Kitty Kallen, one of those Broadway song stylists; closed Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Mondays.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays. . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano after ten, except Tuesdays. . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Poundridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798);

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

closed Mondays.... ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706).... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184).... **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400).... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES DEMUTH—About thirty pictures in water color, tempera, and oil, dated from 1916 through 1933, by this late American artist. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through July 28.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings on summer themes by Doris Lee, Adolf Dehn, Fletcher Martin, Raphael Soyer, and others of the gallery's group; through July 21.... **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 8.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others, plus a group show centered around 57th Street scenes and personalities. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31.... **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, including Vaclav Vytlacil, Chaim Soutine, and James Ensor; through July 22. Open Saturday.... **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant group of oils and other works by Paul Klee, Maxwell Mays, Lucius Crowell, and others; through July 31.... **HACKER,** 24 W. 58th St.: Water colors and prints by around eighty European and American artists; through July 29. Open Saturdays, 9 to 12:30.... **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Pictures by Milton Avery, Pedro Figari, Pierre Grimm, and Eric Isenburger; through July 31.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, among them John Sloan, William Kienbusch, and Karl Schrag, in a showing of oils; through Aug. 31..... **LEVITT,** 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Oils, water colors, and sculptures by Lawrence Kupferman, Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, and José de Rivera; through July 28.... **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Waldo Peirce, William Thon, Doris Rosenthal, and others, in this gallery's seasonal retrospective; through July 31.... **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1.... **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Marsden Hartley, John von Wicht, Jankel Adler, and others; through July 28.... **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: New paintings, in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, and Charles Heidenreich, among others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 9.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Balcomb Greene, Siv Holme, Alfred H. Maurer, and others, in an exhibition called "Fact and Fantasy;" through Aug. 4.... **WELLONS,** 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30. Open Saturdays.... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: A well-balanced showing of water colors by Bruno Krauskopf, Mary Thomas, Dorothy Sturm, and others; through July 28.

LANDSCAPES—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

MARINE PAINTINGS—The sea as interpreted by Courbet, Vlaminck, Dufy, Feininger, and other artists, of various periods. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through July 31.) ... ¶ Another collection of seascapes, these by such men as Gordon Grant and Anthony Thieme. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through Aug. 10.)

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB—The annual summer display of work, in all mediums, by members. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Daily, 11 to 6; through Sept. 15.)

PRINTS—An exhibition spanning the last half-century. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Oct. 21.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 1.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the work of the late Norwegian Edvard Munch, one of the forerunners of Expressionism; through Aug. 13.... ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Aug. 31.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Student work from a number of art schools and universities throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 24.... **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire Art Center: John Marin, Jean Liberte, Julian Levi, and others. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4.... **DENNIS, MASS.** Cape Arts Center: Sculpture by Arnold Geissbuhler, and oils by a group of contemporaries, including Hans Hofmann and Karl Knaths. Daily, 9 to noon, 1:30 to 4:30, and 6:30 to 10; through July 31. ... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: Oils and water colors by a number of artists associated with the Knoedler gallery, among them Wing Howard, Ernest Fiene, and Maurice Sterne. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 6; starting July 22.... **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: James Guy, Boris Artzybasheff, and others; through July 23. Starting July 27, a members' group show. Daily, 1 to 5.... **GLOUCESTER, MASS.** North Shore Arts Association: Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Anthony Thieme, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 17.... **HYANNIS, MASS.** Cape Cod Art Association: Xavier Gonzalez, Elliott Orr, and others. Daily, 10 to noon, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10; through July 29.... **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Beatrice Cuming, and others. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through July 28.... **NORWALK, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: "Summer in the Country," a group show. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 5.... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Thirtieth annual national exhibition of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30; through Sept. 4.... **OLD LYME, CONN.** Lyme Art Association: Forty-ninth annual summer showing. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 20.... **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: Chaim Gross, Sol Wilson, Maurice Sterne, and others. Daily, 10 to 10; through July 30.... **ROCKLAND, MAINE.** William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: Oils, water colors, and drawings by about forty artists who have worked on Monhegan Island, among

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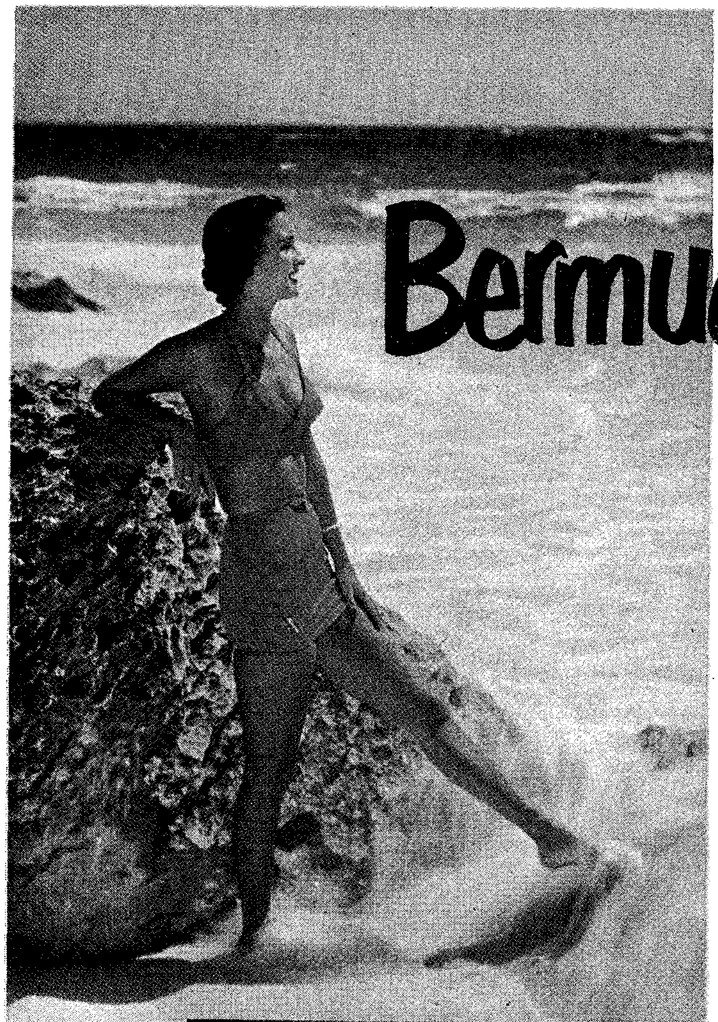

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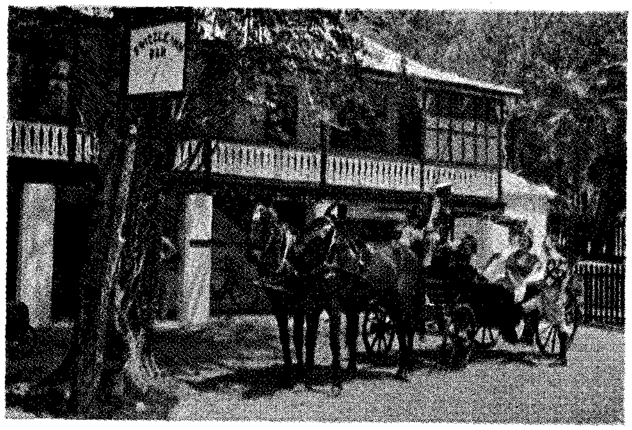
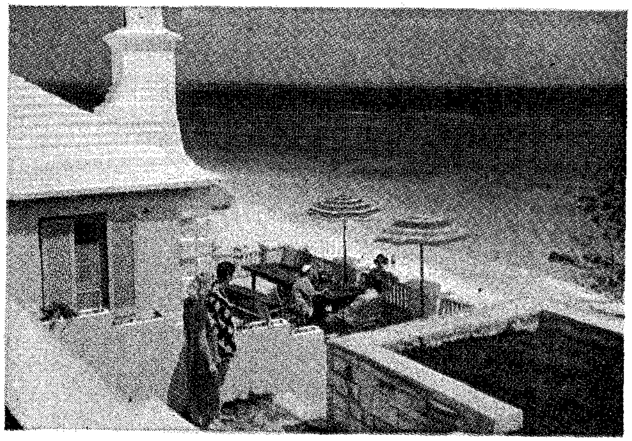


3. "Sightseeing gave us loads of fun. After a hearty breakfast—included with room at our club—we hired a Bermuda Victoria or explored winding lanes in Devonshire on our bikes."



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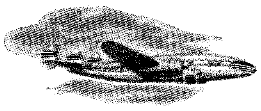
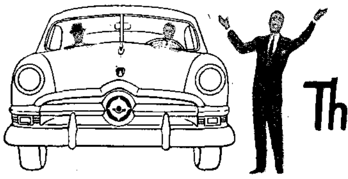
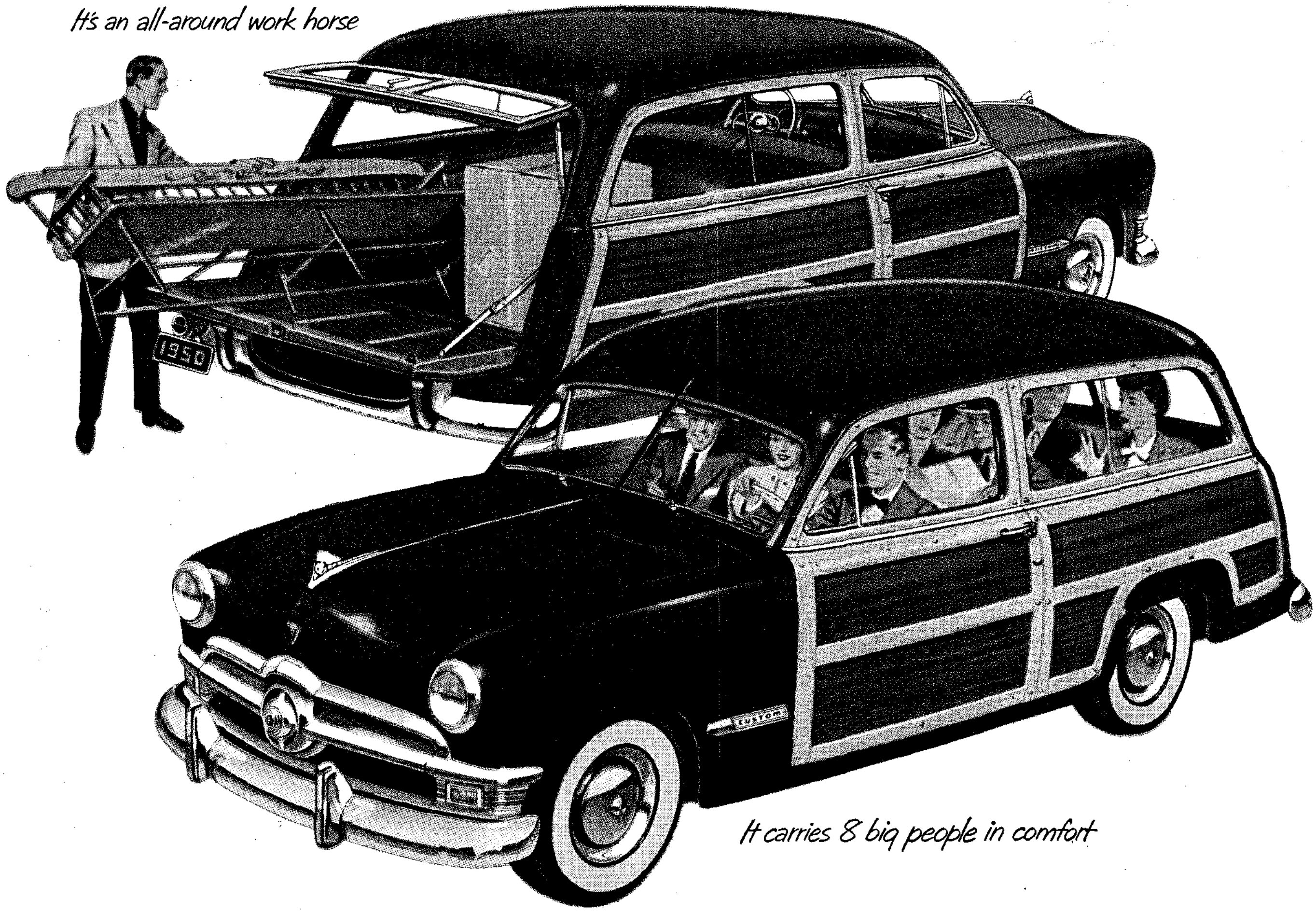


*Trade Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ANNOUNCING! The "Double Duty" Dandy of them all!





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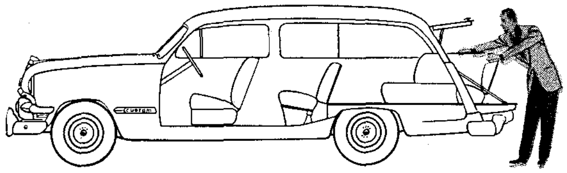

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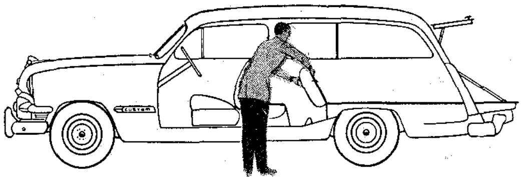
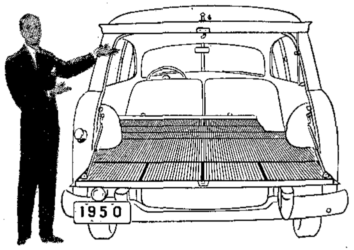


New "Stowaway" center seat completes the "Flat Deck" loading platform. You can slide things in "slick as a ballroom floor."



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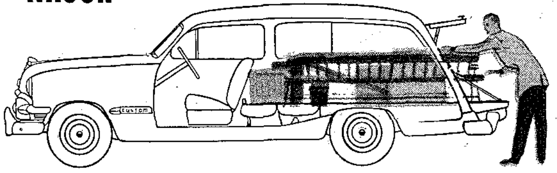

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them George Bellows, Revington Arthur, and Milton Avery. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 30. . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: Stow Wengenroth, Gifford Beal, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 6; through Aug. 1. . . . SALISBURY, CONN. George Baer Gallery: Paintings by "The Eight," among whom are Luks, Prendergast, and Sloan, along with work by such younger artists as Karl Schrag and William Kienbusch. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Sept. 5. . . . SOUTHAMPTON, L.I. Parrish Museum: A group exhibition by local artists. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 3 to 5; starting July 22. . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Woodstock Artists Association: Eugene Speicher, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Doris Lee, and others. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5 and 7 to 9; Sundays, 2 to 5; starting July 22.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are being given on most clear nights at 8:30, through Saturday, Aug. 12. In case of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Thursday, July 20: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Simon Barere, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: Alfredo Antonini conducting, with Margarita Zambrana, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Robert Weede, baritone; and Salvatore Baccaloni, bass. . . . ¶ Monday, July 24: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Stell Andersen, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 25: Pierre Monteux conducting; no soloist. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Naoum Blinder, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27: Pierre Monteux conducting, with the First Piano Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: Robert Stolz conducting, with Irra Petina, mezzo-soprano, and Kurt Baum, tenor. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

Juilliard Concerts—Thursday, July 20: Beveridge Webster, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 25: The Juilliard Summer Symphony and Chorus, Walter Hendl conducting and acting as piano soloist, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 26: Joseph Fuchs, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; and Leonid Hambro, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27: Juilliard Summer Symphony, Walter Hendl conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All at 4; the series will continue through Thursday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

Salmaggi Opera—Saturday, July 22: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: "Carmen." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For information about tickets, call CO 5-8861.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 13.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturday, July 29, at 8.)

In the Country—The Berkshire Festival, with the Boston Symphony—Saturday, July 22, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting an all-Mozart program, with Lukas Foss, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 3: Serge Koussevitzky conducting an all-Mozart program, with Luboshutz and Nemenoff, duo piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting; no soloist. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:15: Serge Koussevitzky conducting; no soloist. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 3: Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Ellabelle Davis, soprano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, July 21, at 8:30; Saturday, July 22, at 2; and Sunday, July 23, at 2:05. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday, July 25, at 8:30, and Wednesday, July 26, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday, July 28, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 29, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cleveland, Monday,

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July 24, at 8:30 (exhibition game).... ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, July 25, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 26-27, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday, July 28, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 29, at 2 (doubleheader).

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury. Thursday and Friday, July 20-21.) ... ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Wednesday through Saturday, July 26-29.)

Polo—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Wednesdays at 8:30.

Racing—SARATOGA AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 29. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 22, and the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Saturday, July 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 9. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 22, and the Choice Stakes, Saturday, July 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and Pier 1, Battery Pl., at 11:45; it is met by buses for the track.)

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton. Saturday and Sunday, July 22-23.) ... ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30.) ... ¶ Women's Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton. Tuesday through Sunday, July 25-30.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) ... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 22.) ... ¶ Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 21-22.) ... ¶ Newport Yacht Club Regatta. (Newport, R.I. Saturday, July 22.) ... ¶ Nantucket Yacht Club Regatta. (Nantucket, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 28-29.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Trusteeship Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Hayden Planetarium—The summer show is called "A Trip to the Moon." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Transatlantic Liners—Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Thursday, July 20; sails Saturday, July 22, at 11 A.M.... ¶ Parthia: Sails Friday, July 21, at 3:30 P.M.... ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Friday, July 21; sails Tuesday, July 25, at 4 P.M.... ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, July 22; sails Wednesday, July 26, at 11:30 P.M.... ¶ De Grasse: Arrives Monday, July 24; sails Wednesday, July 26, at 11 A.M.... ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Thursday, July 27; sails Saturday, July 29, at 10:30 A.M.... ¶ Washington: Arrives Friday, July 28.... ¶ Media: Arrives Saturday, July 29.

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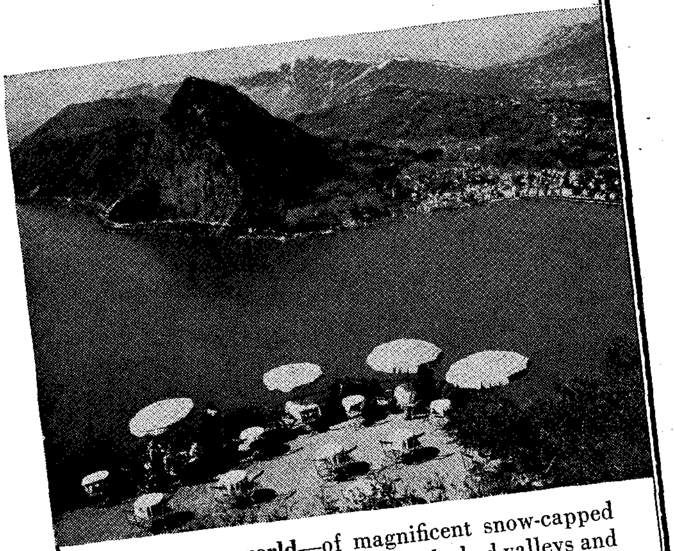

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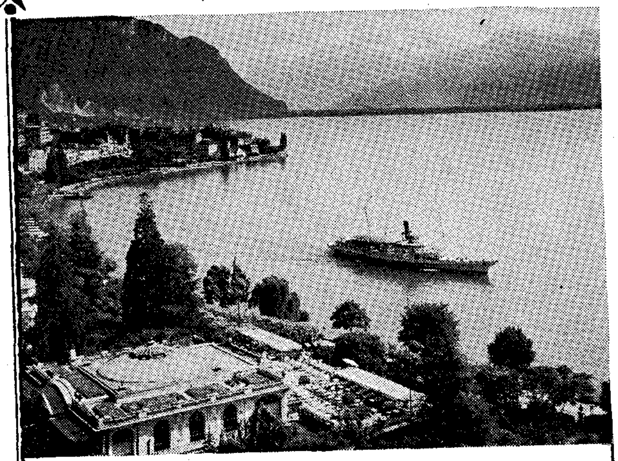

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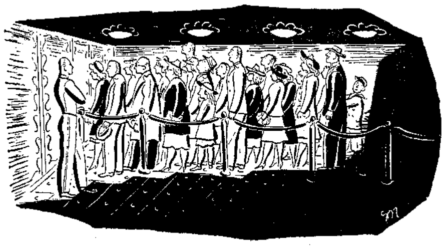
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Annie Get Your Gun—A faithful translation to the screen of the spirited musical comedy about Annie Oakley, the sharpshooter, for which Irving Berlin created all kinds of fine tunes. Betty Hutton may be a little too jittery as Annie, but Keenan Wynn, Louis Calhern, Howard Keel, and J. Carrol Naish are right on the target. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Asphalt Jungle—A skillfully acted drama about jewel thieves in the Middle West, directed by John Huston with his customary dexterity. The cast includes Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting July 25.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting July 26.)

The Bicycle Thief—A chronicle of the quest for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son, transformed by Vittorio De Sica into just about the best picture that has ever been turned out in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Big Lift—The United States Air Force breaking the blockade of Berlin. A picture that is most worth while when it concentrates on the activities of the Air Force, and least so when it goes in for some tedious romance. With Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas and a good number of actual Air Force personnel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 21-24.)

In a Lonely Place—Humphrey Bogart doing a nice piece of acting as an overwrought Hollywood writer suspected of murdering not only the English language but a hatcheck girl. Rather unbelievable, but exciting at times. Gloria Grahame is Mr. Bogart's beloved and, as might be imagined, a bit nervous about it. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; July 20.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through July 21.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through July 22. ... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; July 21-22.)

The Men—An earnest, interesting, and sombre description of the lives of paraplegic veterans in the postwar world. Marlon Brando is superb as one of the crippled veterans, and has fine support from Everett Sloan, Teresa Wright, and forty-five paraplegics from a government hospital in California. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable British study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Rocking Horse Winner—An English film derived from a story by D. H. Lawrence about a boy who somehow manages, for the sake of his improvident parents, to pick winners at the track while riding a rocking horse in his playroom. Grim and engrossing. With John Mills, Valerie Hobson, John Howard Davies, Hugh Sinclair, and Ronald Squire. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; through July 25.)

A Run for Your Money—Alec Guinness, the psychiatrist of "The Cocktail Party," functioning as a prim journalist (a gardening specialist), who suddenly is called upon to chaperone a pair of excitable Welsh miners about London. An English film that is often quite amusing. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting July 25. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 25.... ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 25, tentative.)

The Third Man—Orson Welles, as a racketeer in postwar Vienna, being pursued all over the city by Joseph Cotten and several squads of cops. Directed by Carol Reed from a Graham Greene script, the film works up some taut scenes now and then. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through July 26.)

Three Came Home—Claudette Colbert and several other actresses in the ladies' section of a Japanese prison camp in Borneo. An effective picture about war, in which all the enemies portrayed are not completely monstrous. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 24.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; July 21-24. ... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; July 23-24.)

The Winslow Boy—The story of how a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy, told in absorbing fashion. A British picture, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

All My Sons (1948)—An adaptation of the Arthur Miller play about an unscrupulous industrialist who makes the most of business in wartime. With Edward G. Robinson and Burt Lancaster. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 26.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's classic of that other, long-ago war. Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; starting July 26.)

Angel (1937)—High life and intrigue in old Paris. Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 22.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—The Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; July 21-25, tentative.)

Black Narcissus (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 23-25.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting July 26, tentative.)

City Lights (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers rampant around a race track. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German prison in the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting July 26, tentative.)

Harvest (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; July 21-25, tentative.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 22.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and such. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 25.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 24.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; July 20, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 23: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, and Pat O'Brien.... ¶ Starting July 24: "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Duchess of Idaho," Esther Williams, Van Johnson, John Lund.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through July 21: "The White Tower," Glenn Ford, Valli, Claude Rains.
From July 22: "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henreid.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
July 20: "The Dream of Madame Butterfly" (in Italian), revival; and "Before Him All Rome Trembled" (in Italian), revival, Anna Magnani.
July 21-22: "Elisir d'Amore" (in Italian), revival; and "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Italo Tajo.
July 23: "Amami Afredo" (in Italian), revival; and "The King's Jester" (in Italian), revival, Michel Simon.
July 24-25: "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli; and "Carmen" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.
July 26: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "The Life of Giuseppe Verdi" (in Italian), revival.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Destination Moon," John Archer, Warner Anderson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE MEN.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"711 Ocean Drive," Edmond O'Brien, Joanne Dru.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
To be announced.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
From July 20, at 7 P.M.: "Broken Arrow," James Stewart.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Flame and the Arrow," Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 26: **THE THIRD MAN.**

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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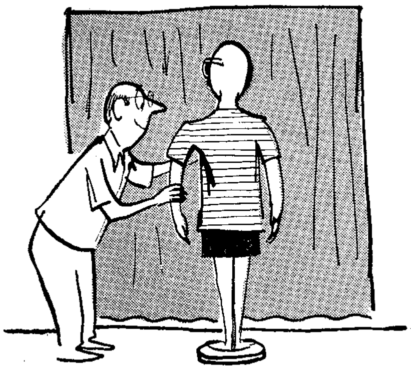

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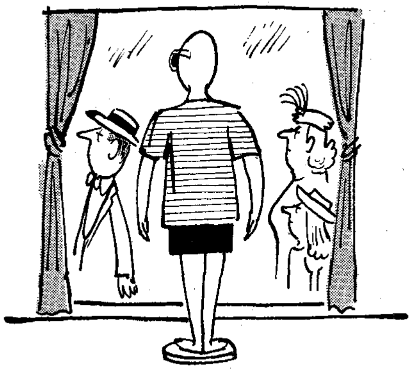

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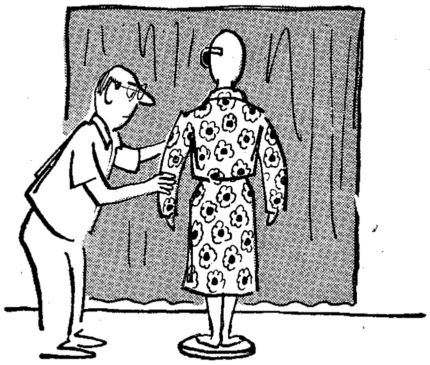

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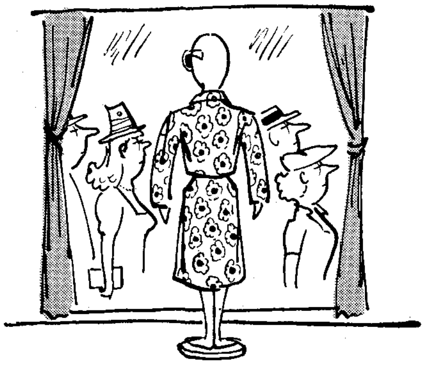

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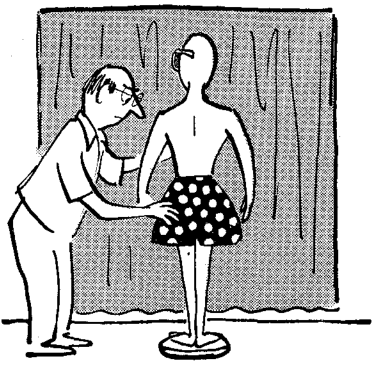

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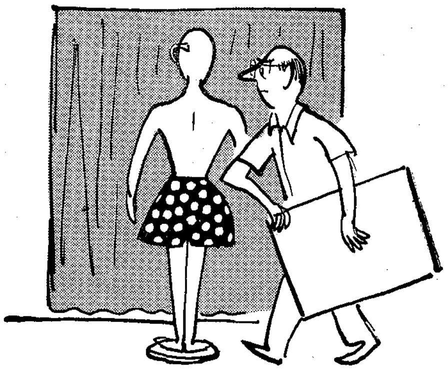

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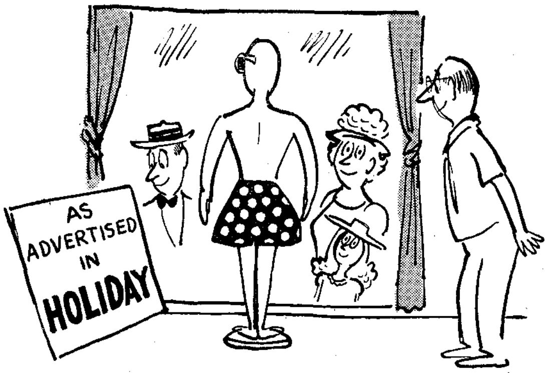

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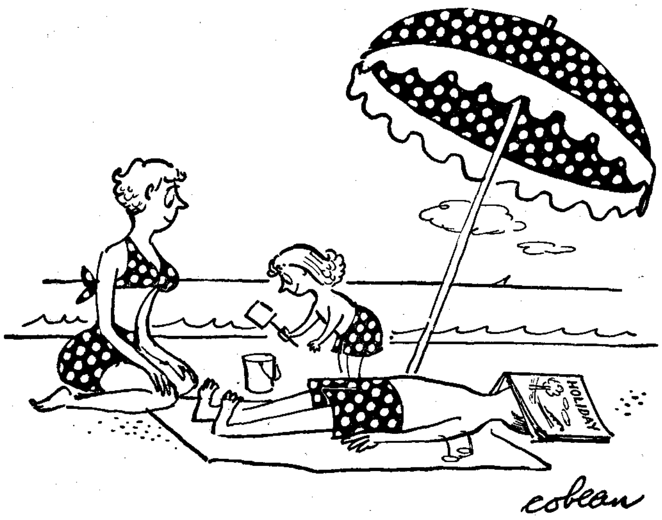

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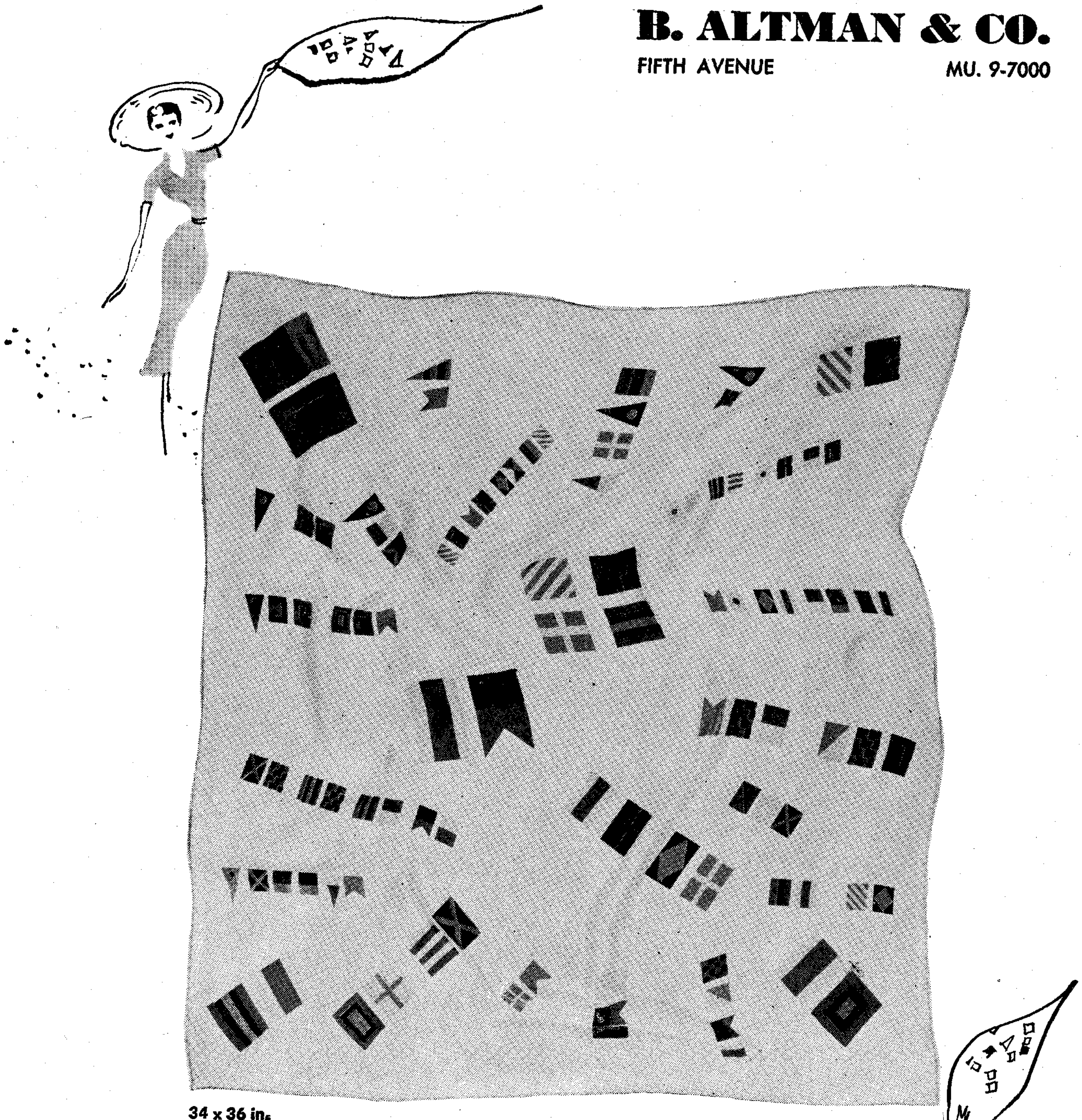

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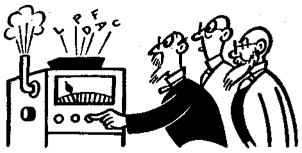
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE may be a message for all of us in Jay Thorpe's current window display, which is centered around a big horn of plenty with nothing in it.

PROFESSOR J. B. WIESNER, of the Research Laboratory of Electronics of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, told an electronics conference in Chicago the other day that between ten and a hundred per cent of what we Americans hear "over the air or in any other way" contains no information whatever—just "redundant elements." He and a couple of his associates at M.I.T., he explained, have an electronic autocorrelator, which analyzes messages and reveals the amount of waste in them. He held out the hope that this device will eventually enable us to do something about the situation. We feel obliged to remind Dr. Wiesner that professors at the Lagado Institute of Technology long ago came to more or less the same conclusion, and at that time figured out something to do. Our authority is Dr. Jonathan Swift's learned monograph "Gulliver's Travels," and we quote:



> The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity.... An expedient was ... offered, that since words are only names for *things*, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on.... Many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave.
>
> But for short conversations a man may carry implements in his pockets and under his arms, enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss.

Selective Service Director

THE bailiwick of Colonel Candler Cobb, one of the fifty-four directors of the national Selective Service System, is New York City, and he is the only director with a city for a bailiwick. The others handle the forty-eight states, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, but the New York State director doesn't have jurisdiction over New York City, which in 1943 became a separate operation, bigger than all the rest of the state. We sought out the Colonel last week, at Selective Service headquarters on West Thirty-fourth Street, and found him to be a tall, blue-eyed, curly-haired Harvard graduate, Class of 1908, one of the seven sons (of whom five survive) of the late Henry Ives Cobb, a well-known architect. The Colonel was born in Chicago, was brought up there, in Washington, and in New York, and, after Harvard, spent a year at Oxford, reading philosophy. "I was slated to be a lawyer," he told us, "and wanted to relax before going to law school." He was admitted to the bar in 1911, and practiced corporation law here and in Europe at various times until 1946, when he assumed his present post, which is a full-time one. During the First World War, by which time he was married and the father of two girls, he was Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. He received his colonelcy, from which he is now retired, in the New York State Guard. When the war in Korea broke out, he was vacationing at Nonquitt, Massachusetts. "I'd been there five days when Washington called me back to the office," he said. "They pulled me right out of the ocean."

Colonel Cobb told us that the files in his office contain the names of three million men registered for World War II. "They've been useful in working out manpower plans," he said, "and, of course, we've made them available on occasion to the F.B.I. and the police. In order to meet our call to induct twelve hundred and three men by not later than September 30th, I've called for the physical examination of five thousand men classified as 1-A. The Army can examine sixty-nine men a day right now, and will soon be able to step this up to five hundred a day. We'll go down through the twenty-five-year-olds, and then the twenty-four-year-olds, and we may have to hit the twenty-three-year-olds. If my guess of five thousand should prove overgenerous, we'll have a pool of physically examined 1-A's to draw on later, if necessary, and there'll be the advantage that a lot of present 1-A's will know they're ineligible. They'll be put in 4-F, and can go about their business."

Colonel Cobb served as a commercial attaché to the American Embassy in London between 1921 and 1923, and spent most of the next seventeen years abroad on legal work. Much of this was on behalf of bondholders' protective committees, one of which had to do with Kreuger & Toll. He told us that, representing the Mellon interests, he worked with the Wagons-Lits people long and extensively. “I negotiated the first car-trust financing of railroad-car building,” he said. “This meant that the railroad paid for its rolling stock on the installment plan, with the title to the equipment remaining with the trustee until everything was paid up. Ran into millions of dollars. I rode on *wagons-lits* for months. I often had to testify in court during this period, and when I was asked for my address, I said, ‘Wagons-Lits, Europe.’ ”

The Colonel’s transatlantic legal activities were interrupted for eleven days by the British General Strike of 1926. He was in London at the time and became a special constable. “I had an armband and a small truncheon, and guarded the London *Times* building,” he said. “It was all very orderly, of course—a *British* strike.” He showed us on one wall of his office a certificate of thanks signed by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, and then called our attention to a letter, dated 1947, from the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind, advising him that he had been awarded a gold Braille Medal of Merit. “I organized some dinners and entertainment in the Harvard Club for blind war veterans,” he explained. We asked how he entertained his guests, and he said, “Well, as a matter of fact, we used to get them high on beer.” Colonel Cobb is a past president of the Harvard Club of France, a group that meets every year at a Paris restaurant on the night of the Yale-Harvard football game. He returned to this country in 1940, served on a local draft board for a year, and then became Chief of Administration and Personnel of the New York City Selective Service headquarters. “I don’t like the word ‘draft,’ ” he said. “The operation really is a selective one. If I had my way, *nobody* would be allowed to volunteer. I’d like to have it set up so that the local boards could confer with every registrant, to see where he would fit in best in the national scheme.”

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Gaslight Café, 1235 Sixth Avenue, is illuminated by electricity throughout.

A used-car dealer in York, Pennsylvania, has posted a sign before his lot reading, “Do not park here! If you do, we’ll let the air out of your tires.”

Plenty of Bite

ON Bastille Day, after a ten-day warmup, Radio Free Europe, a sort of counterpart of the Voice of America, but privately financed and operated, began the broadcasting of news commentaries and political skits to the people of Eastern Europe. The commentaries are of special interest to that region, the skits primarily satirize what is going on there, and at the moment both are being presented in Czech, Slovak, and Rumanian. In a month or so, Hungarian, Polish, and Bulgarian will be added. All the programs are twenty minutes long, and they are being recorded on tape in two New York City recording studios. The tapes are flown to Frankfurt, in Germany, and broadcast from an American-run station there. By arrangement with the State Department, which has come out strong for the enterprise, they are beamed eastward on a short-wave frequency. Radio Free Europe is an undertaking of the National Committee for a Free Europe, and now has a staff of a hundred and twenty, thirty-five of whom are former Eastern Europeans. These people not only write the skits, with the aid of a few American radio men to make up for their lack of experience, but act as commentators and play the roles in the skits.

We picked up the foregoing facts and a number of others at the headquarters of Radio Free Europe, in the Empire State Building, the other day during a talk we had with Robert E. Lang, director of Radio Free Europe; Frank Altschul, head of the radio committee of the National Committee for a Free Europe; and Mihail Farcasanu, chief of the Rumanian Desk. Mr. Lang, a large, forceful, bustling man, told us that writing programs with a completely Eastern European flavor is a shaky business. “We always have to be on the lookout for traps,” he said, tamping out a cigarette. “A typical trap is getting an idiom wrong, or talking about a café in Dej when every Rumanian knows it’s in Cluj. We don’t want to sound like Americans broadcasting to Eastern Europeans. We have to be sure our puns come off. We have to be sure our skits aren’t over the heads of the people they’re aimed at.” “We’re aiming at eighty million people,” Mr. Altschul cut in. “Can’t afford to be dull,” Mr. Lang resumed briskly, “Can’t let a crack go on the air if a Rumanian, say, might not get it. But, of course, we aren’t in this just to make Eastern Europeans laugh. There’s plenty of bite to our skits.”

At this point, Mr. Farcasanu produced the English translation of a skit he had written and obligingly allowed us to jot down parts of it as he and the Messrs. Lang and Altschul discussed plans to have more transmitting stations in Europe. The skit was called “Ionescu and Popescu”—two popular Rumanian surnames, Mr. Farcasanu told us—and one of its exchanges went:

IONESCU: For crying out loud! That’s right, Brother— I mean Comrade. You know, I can’t get used to this word. Well (*he sighs*), and you say the Russians invented everything?

POPESCU: Yes. Absolutely everything. Why pretend you don’t know? Don’t you remember that when they came here, they invented wheat?

This was another sally, toward the end:

IONESCU: You know, my dear Popescu, sometimes I feel like a stray dog. I hear in my mind our old songs, our folk songs. They follow me like shadows. They seem to be more meaningful since we lost our homes, our purpose, and everything else we had.

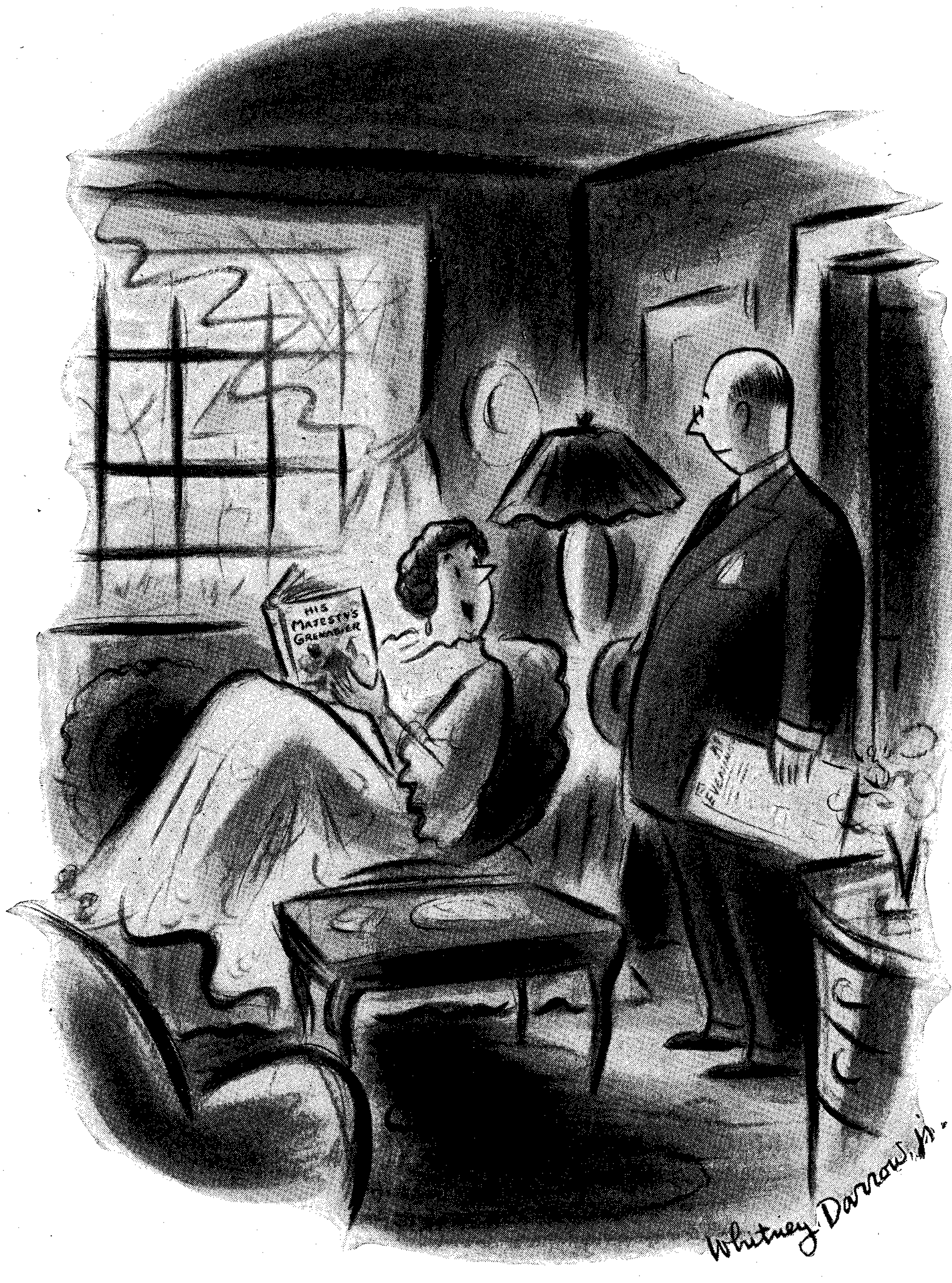
Lang was with the O.S.S. in the Second World War and is now on leave from the General Foods Corporation, and Farcasanu was the editor of a Bucharest newspaper until 1945, when he was clapped into a labor camp. He escaped and made his way to this country in 1948. He was put in the labor camp because he reprinted in his paper an invitation to a ball given by the head of the British delegation to Rumania, listing the initials of the Briton’s decorations—C.B.E., and so on. “The Russians had never seen so many initials, they told me,” Mr. Farcasanu said. “They figured it must be a code. I couldn’t convince them. They are very suspicious sometimes.”

New Tactics

THERE’S a young couple of the city, well heeled, and well known for their high-mindedness and their interest in politics, mostly on the sociological side, who, when the husband, a lawyer, takes his month’s vacation in the summer, spend the period in a way that they hope will be instructive. This year, they decided to hitchhike across the country, as an ideal, if rather drastic, way of getting the feel of the grass roots. With knapsacks containing extra linen and hose, and fat books of travellers' checks in their pockets, they posted themselves a couple of weeks ago at the New Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge. They had barely got their thumbs in the air when they were picked up by a salesman in a sedan, who carried them straight across New Jersey and well into Pennsylvania. That night, they crossed into Ohio in a big moving van, and the following afternoon, on their third hitch, they were in Cincinnati. They were also disillusioned. They had covered seven hundred miles and talked to only three people, all from New York, all without any new slant on Truman, Russia, the E.C.A., or the underwriting of prices for farmers. That night, they had a long discussion and decided upon a different technique. The next morning, they went to a Ford agency, bought a nine-passenger station wagon, and headed westward, gathering up every hitchhiker they saw. A late report has come in from them: They've given lifts to between seventy-five and a hundred farmhands, college boys, sailors, waitresses, factory workers, and floaters, and can scarcely see the road for the grass roots.

Comeback

AFTER a lapse of twenty years, pancake-flipping has returned to the front windows of several local Childs restaurants, with the rest to follow, and as the Childs people like to see errorless performances by the young ladies doing the flipping, they have set up a classroom, complete with griddle, blackboard, batter pail, batter pitchers, spatulas, and rows of chairs with armrests, on the second floor of the restaurant at 109 West Forty-second Street. Classes are held about twice a week, and we were invited a few days ago by Arthur L. Ecklund, the firm's director of industrial relations, to sit in on one of them, which we were pleased to do. Thirty or so young ladies, got up in yellow dresses and white aprons, were seated in the chairs when Mr. Ecklund led us in, and two more were standing at the griddle. All were listening intently to an elementary lecture on the cooking of the Childs pancake being delivered by a chef in full uniform, including cap—an erect gentleman with a white mustache and goatee. The cake should be five and a half inches in diameter, he said, an order comprises three, and the griddle is just wide enough for three of the proper size. Each cake should be flipped over with the spatula when a half inch of the edge appears dry—an indication that the bottom side is done. It should land on the griddle without splashing. When the second side is done, the cake should be flipped again, caught in midair on the spatula, and then flipped onto the plate. At this juncture, Mr. Ecklund, at our elbow, coughed and said that the chef was quite conservative. "Actually, when the girls are performing in the window," he said, "we like to see the pancakes turn over four or five times." He told us about a girl who had been practicing the week before with some cakes that were already cooked and had flipped them over six or seven times. But sometimes she'd catch them



"Why, Malcolm! I'd completely forgotten about you."

and sometimes she wouldn't, and she flipped one of them clear over the blackboard.

The chef handed each of the girls at the griddle a pitcher and asked them to pour some batter. They did, forming cakes that, even to our inexperienced eye, were either too large or too small. The chef produced a ruler, bent over the griddle, and corroborated us.

"That girl who flipped the pancake over the blackboard was left-handed," Mr. Ecklund said in a low voice. "We plan to have two left-handers in the same window before long. Quite a novelty." "For best control, hold the pitcher three inches above the griddle," the chef admonished the students. "You got to snap the wrist." He flicked his wrist several times to indicate how the pitcher should be raised to halt the flow of batter. "Watching out always for drips," he continued. The girls slid their spatulas under the cakes and neatly flipped them over. "We served forty-two million griddlecakes in 1923," Mr. Ecklund informed us.

Leaving the girls to their practice, the chef joined us, and Mr. Ecklund presented him as Mr. Paul Reich, originally of Switzerland. "Paul is seventy-three," Mr. Ecklund said, "and has been with Childs as supervising chef since 1934. Before that he was at Rector's, Louis Sherry's, and the Hotel de Paris, in Monte Carlo." "Also, I work for Panchard, of the McAlpin, and Escoffier," added Mr. Reich. He returned his attention to his class, and Mr. Ecklund told us that Childs is undergoing a thorough reorganization. The bars are to be placed in the rear of the restaurants, for one thing, and, for another, the company has a new motto for its coffee: "The coffee that smiles right back at you." "We've even hired a director of female personnel," Mr. Ecklund went on. "She's a former model, and she encourages the girls to look wholesome. She's found out about the girls' gripes regarding customers. One of them is that they don't like to be addressed 'Hey, Miss.' They like to be called 'Waitress.' Sounds reasonable."

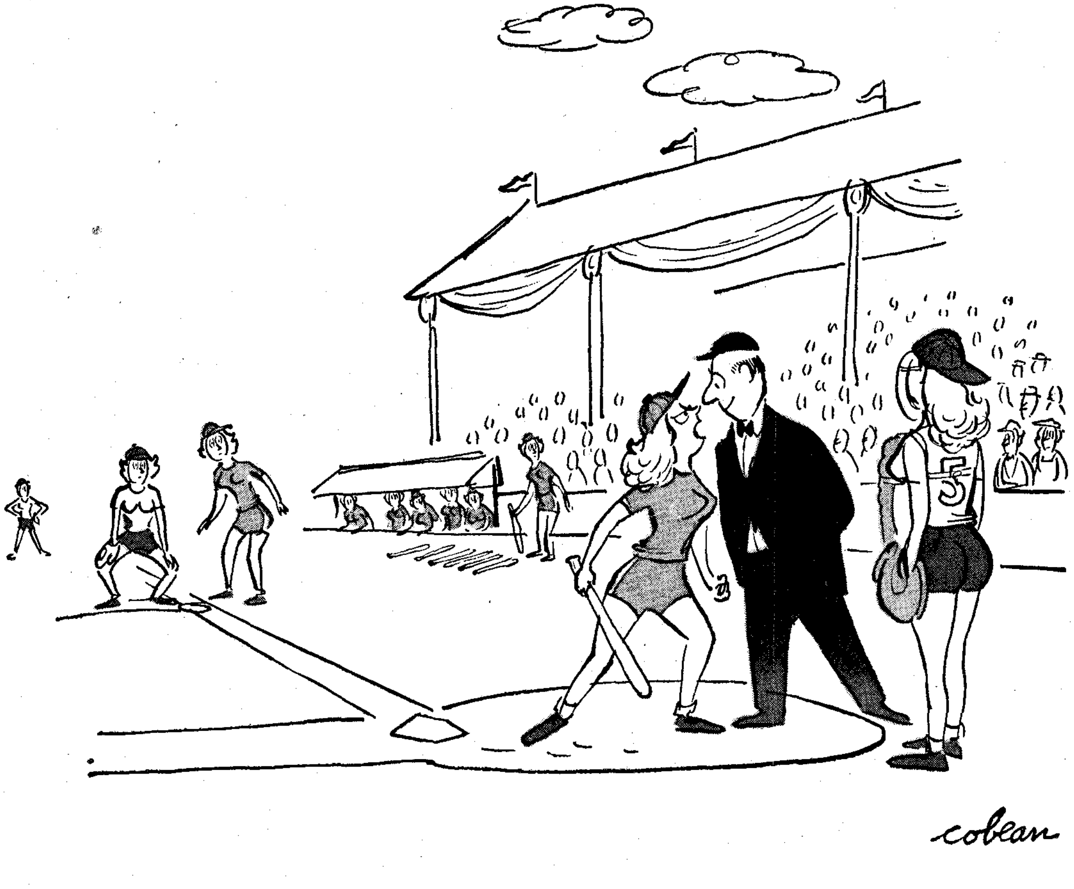
Puzzle

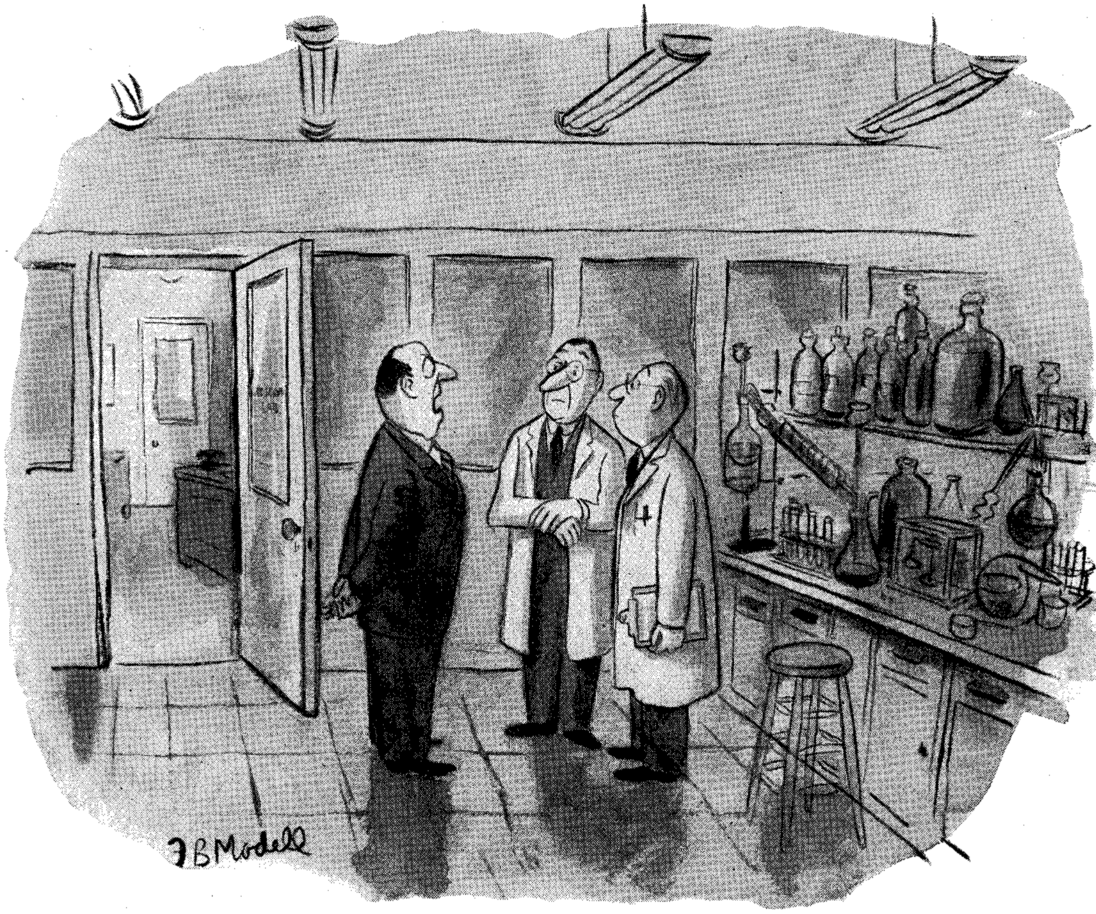
THE parents of a boy at camp have been getting a gratifyingly steady stream of letters from him, nearly all of them praising a character identified to them only as Old 99. One day last week, the assistant director of the camp called the boy's father long distance to announce that the lad had stepped on a nail and that the camp physician wanted to know whether he'd ever had any anti-tetanus shots. The father said that he had, and, after a few reassuring words on both sides, the conversation was about to come to an end when it occurred to the father to ask who Old 99 was. "Why, that's me," the assistant director said with a faraway, disarming laugh. "The boys all call me that. My name's Bronson." The father laughed, too, and said, "Oh, of course," and hung up, and it was fully five minutes before he realized he *still* didn't know where the damn name came from.

Lady from Korea

WHAT a splendid microcosm the Hotel Statler is! Hardly a fortnight after our visit to the American Bell Association's gathering in its halls, there we were again, to talk to another guest, Miss Louise Yim, probably the outstanding woman of Korea. She is one of the two female members of the Korean National Assembly, a legislative body of two hundred and ten; a former Minister of Commerce and Industry, and the only woman ever to have held a Korean Cabinet post; an adviser to President Syngman Rhee; chairman of the Korean Symphony; head of the Korean Women's Democratic Party; and president of Central University, in Seoul, which trains students for positions in education and government. Miss Yim, whose present visit to America is her fourth, is a University of Southern California B.A. and M.A. Hence, her English is good, and we had no difficulty learning that she was born in Kumsan, near Taejon, in South Korea, one of twelve children of the pastor of the local Presbyterian church. "We were six boys and six girls, and we're all alive," she said. "Three of my brothers have lived for thirty years in Los Angeles, where they own orchards and are in the wholesale fruit business. My father is still alive, too, and is now an elder in his church. He came of a wealthy land-owning family and built schools and churches with his money. I remember how terrible he and my brothers felt on August 22, 1910, when Japan annexed Korea. I was only seven at the time, but their worried conversation made a deep impression on me. The mayor of our town committed suicide, and the Japanese killed many innocent people. I felt I must help my country win back its freedom."

Most Korean girls don't





"I hate to put pressure on you men, but we're in a dog-eat-dog situation. We've got to come through with another wonder drug, and damned fast."

go beyond grammar school, but Miss Yim, having finished that part of her education, insisted on going to high school. "All my classmates got married," she told us, "but I refused to see the matchmaker my parents consulted. They called me a tomboy. The nearest high school that took girls was in Chŏnju, a hundred miles away, and my family said I couldn't go. I went on a hunger strike for a week, and they relented. At high school, we had to sing the Japanese anthem every morning, facing large photographs of the Emperor and Empress. One day, on the Empress's birthday, I poked out both the Emperor's eyes. This was a capital offense, but the school just locked me in a room for a week and didn't report me to the Japanese police. I poked out the Emperor's eyes in photograph after photograph. Korean history was a forbidden subject, but several other girls and I got hold of a Korean history book and studied it at night under our blankets. Our rooms were searched, and we eventually buried the book in the school garden. I guess it's still there."

After graduating from the Chŏnju school, Miss Y. taught in a grammar school at Ch'ŏnan, and in 1919, during a national uprising, helped distribute revolutionary pamphlets. The Japanese police held her in jail for six months and then sentenced her to three and a half years' house arrest. She was able to evade this by, paradoxically, going to Japan, where she attended a high school in Tokyo. "I wanted to know what our enemies were doing," she said. She returned to Korea; taught religion and ethics at Ewha College, in Seoul; lost her teacher's license for making speeches advocating freedom; taught for a while without a license; and then resolved to come to the United States. In furtherance of this plan, she went back to Japan in 1922, this time to the University of Tokyo, where she studied English. She got to California in 1924 and, finding her English still inadequate, enrolled in Central High School, in Los Angeles, her third high school. Her first name in Korea is Yungsin, which means "Long Faith," but on the advice of one of her California teachers she adopted Louise. "It took me seven years to get an M.A. at the University of Southern California, because I had to go slow on account of my English," she said. "I had some capital with me, and I bought several gas stations in Los Angeles. With the profits from these, and some money my California brothers gave me, I returned to Korea in 1932 with thirty thousand dollars, which I devoted to buying land and buildings for Central Teachers Training School, in Seoul, now Central University."

Miss Yim returned to America in 1937, to raise money for the university—she got over three hundred thousand dollars, some of it from Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—and again in 1946, as a member of a delegation of Koreans that tried, unsuccessfully, to get a discussion of Korea's independence on the agenda of the United Nations General Assembly. During the Second World War, her university was closed by the Japanese, because she declined to train the girls there to become nurses, or worse, for the Japanese Army. "I was on the death list, and would have been shot if the war had lasted another month," she told us. On her present trip, she flew out of Korea the day before the North Korea Army began its invasion. "We must educate our people if they are to resist Communism," she said. "I also have a secret mission here, but, naturally, I can't say what it is. I can say, though, that you can't defend yourself from guns with courage alone."

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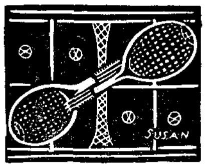
Oasis

THERE is, evidently, some good in even the worst of railroads. A gentleman driving an automobile along Northern Boulevard found his engine badly overheated and pulled into a byway, stopping next to a siding of the Long Island Railroad. A locomotive towing a string of freight cars drew up beside him and stopped, and its engineer, taking in the trouble, counselled him against pouring in cold water. The engineer then looked up and down the track cautiously, and emerged from his cab with a bucket and a wrench. He opened a locomotive valve, filled the bucket with hot water, poured it into the steaming radiator, climbed back, and chuffed off.

A HEPCAT MAY LOOK AT A KING

Michael Todd's Peep Show, a revue in two acts and twenty-two scenes, staged and lighted by Hassard Short. Music and lyrics by Bhumibol (King of Thailand), Prince Chakraband, Sammy Fain, Herb Magidson, etc., etc.—*From a drama review in the Times.*

(*Scene: The Central European branch of Savacool & Thaumaturge, Ltd., theatrical bookers and artists' representatives, in Lausanne, Switzerland. The portion of the offices observable at rise consists of a somewhat bleak anteroom furnished with half a dozen spavined chairs and a spittoon, separated by a low-railed partition from a switchboard and receptionist's desk. Typing away busily at the desk is Sibyl Hinshaw, a thin, atrabilious girl on whom years of contact with show folk have acted like an olive press and whose features, together with those of Anna Held and Bernhardt on the walls, have long since become part of the fixtures. The occupants of the anteroom, two in number, offer a marked contrast to its shabby décor. The portly gentleman yawning through a copy of "Variety," who wears a magnificent turban blazing with jewels and a chestful of military orders, bears more than a passing resemblance to the Maharajah of Kapurthala. His companion, more conservatively clad in a frock coat tailored of cloth of gold and trimmed with aigrettes, would not be mistaken east of Suez for anyone but the Nawab of Bhopal. The latter's fingers, incidentally, are so thickly incrusted with emeralds that he is having some difficulty paring his nails. An accordion and a couple of black fibre suitcases, of the sort customarily used by vaudeville performers, lie at their feet.*)



Bhopal: Mind you, I won't say this Bhumibol ain't an able administrator, but he don't know a beguine from a cakewalk. The kid is absolutely devoid of rhythm.

Kapurthala: He's a Buddhist, that's why. A downbeat don't mean a thing to a Buddhist.

Bhopal: I'm surprised a showman like Todd would fall for that type air.

Kapurthala: Eight to five he's a Buddhist, too. All those guys stick together.

Bhopal (*carefully lowering his voice*): Well, I heard a story which it may not be gospel but I'll pass it on. You know the skinny monarch who plays the traps at the Café Schlagober? He claims Bhumibol can only write his tunes in the key of C. He's got a little colored fellow in Bangkok that transposes 'em.

Kapurthala: Yeah, and I bet he pays him off in fried rice, the chiseller.

Bhopal: There must be something to it. Why should anybody that their real name is Phumiphon Aduldet suddenly turn around and start calling themselves Bhumibol?

Kapurthala: I'll tell you why. So if he gets sued for plagiarism, he's judgment-proof. They're all alike, those kings. The minute they click on Broadway, all they care about is angles.

Bhopal: I know, but *Bhumibol*—it sounds like a sleeping tablet. If it was Hoagy Bhumibol, or even Blumenthal, you could understand.

Kapurthala (*with a shrug*): Go figure out a Siamese. . . . Say, girlie, who do you have to be around here to see Savacool—Genghis Khan? We been waiting an hour.

Sibyl: I've told you already—he's over at the recording studio, cutting a platter.

Bhopal: Of who?

Sibyl: The Sultan of Morocco, I believe.

Bhopal: Huh, that groaner! Cliff Edwards in a tarboosh.

Kapurthala: Well, there's one thing. Savacool don't have to worry about running out of wax with *that* greaseball around.

Bhopal: Hey, that's not bad. Maybe we could work it into our routine.

Kapurthala: Where we going to play it after we do, at our boarding house? The bookings Savacool's been getting us, we're lucky to pick up a split week between Antwerp and Kurdistan.

Bhopal: Look, face facts. The act needs a hypo and there's nothing like dames. Instead of that bit where we jump over our own legs and make with the Indian clubs, I'd like to see some breezy crossfire with a pair of good-looking babes.

Kapurthala (*dangerously*): Are you still trying to unload that ten-cent harem of yours?

Bhopal: Well, after all, they're sitting around the Punjab eating their heads off, and I thought—

Kapurthala: Listen, I don't want any of those God-damned gazelle-eyed relatives of yours on my payroll, do you hear me?

Bhopal: Watch that big mouth, brother. They're *my* concubines, and for two rupees I'd knock those betel-stained teeth right down—

Sibyl: Stop it, both of you! No wonder the managers cancel you left and right! You don't need a hypo; you need a referee.

Bhopal (*with a growl*): Well, nobody talks to *me* like that. My family descends in an unbroken line—

Kapurthala: Descends is right. Sponging as they go.

Bhopal (*seizing him by the throat*): You'll eat those words, you big pail of lard! (*He releases his grip precipitately as Savacool, a smooth homuncule embodying the less attractive characteristics of Uriah Heep and Simon Legree, enters. He is accompanied by a swarthy young man with liquid eyes, who is dressed in the resplendent uniform of a field marshal.*)

Savacool: Here, here, you two, what's cooking?

Kapurthala: Nothing—nothing at all. We were just rehearsing a new pratfall.

Savacool: Well, throw it away. I got you a real break at last—the Hedgehog Room of the Piccadilly, in New York!

Bhopal: What's that?

Savacool: It's the Wedgwood Room in spades, the place where all the big-shot producers and movie execs hang out. They call it the Showcase of Stars. Once they catch you boys there, you can write your own ticket!

Bhopal: Does Mike Todd go in there?

Savacool: Go *in* there—he practically sleeps there! I guarantee you, the minute he sees that mind-reading act of yours—

Kapurthala: But we do a juggling specialty and nipups.

Savacool: Not any more you don't. From now on, you're high-class Hindu mystics. You know, reading the serial number on people's watches, guessing where they left their umbrella—that is, when you're not waiting on table, of course.

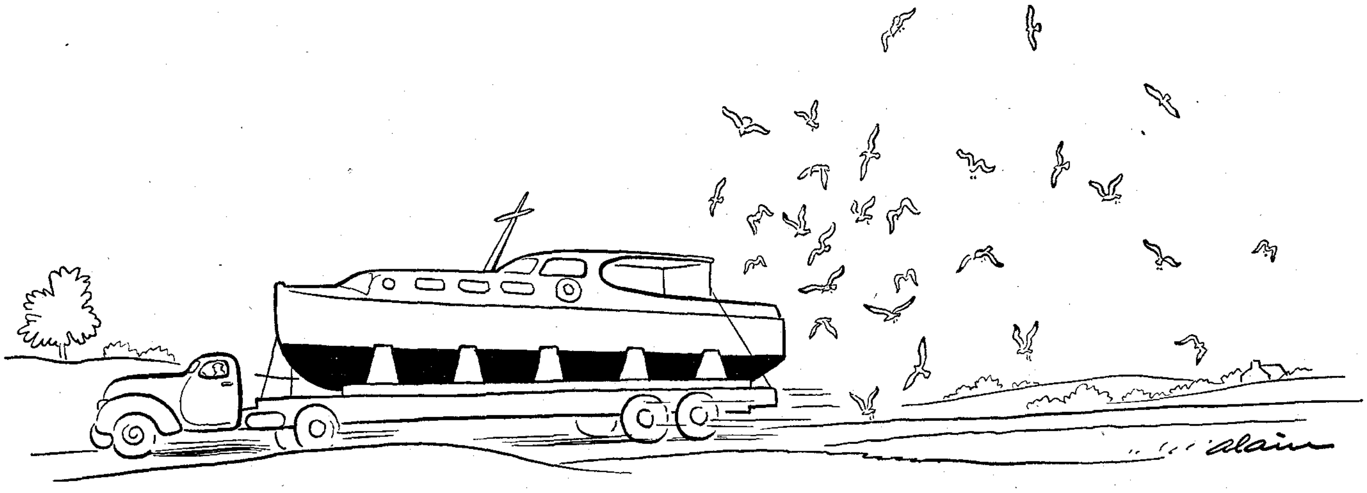
Kapurthala (*picking up his accordion*): Well, you can suit yourself, Bhopal, but I'll take the Vale of Kashmir.

Savacool (*quickly*): Who runs that?

Kapurthala: It's a kind of a Moslem version of Grossinger's.

Savacool: Oh, playing cozy, eh? Well, remember this, bright eyes—whatever it is, I'm entitled to ten-percent commission.

Bhopal: Good luck. We'll see you in the small-claims court. (*They exit.*)



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Savacool (*bitterly*): That's human nature. You run yourself ragged for a couple of hams, and as soon as the wrinkles are out of their cummerbunds, they spit on you. . . . Oh, well. Have a seat, Riza, be with you in a jiffy. Any calls, Sibyl?

Sibyl: Yes. One of the Soong brothers—T.V., I think. He says they're stranded in Liverpool with that plate-balancing act of theirs.

Savacool: I know, I know. And they need money because the Chinaman's holding their laundry.

Sibyl: No, he won't even do it. He doesn't approve of their politics.

Savacool: Well, what am I supposed to do, fly over and wash it for them?

Sibyl: I couldn't tell. The connection was poor and he insisted on talking in the Mandarin dialect.

Savacool: It's pretty fishy. How can T. V. Soong, that he's one of the wealthiest men in the world, be stranded in Liverpool?

Sibyl: You can't fathom those Orientals. They're a race apart. (*Under her breath.*) Who's that over there, a Hapsburg?

Savacool: No, the Shah of Iran. He was laying for me on the sidewalk with a note from Shapiro, Bernstein in New York.

Sibyl: Shall I ask him to leave his ballads and you'll contact him?

Savacool (*magnanimously*): Nah, I'll give him a quick shake. Who knows, maybe the poor *nebich* has something we can peddle. (*Returning to the anteroom.*) O.K., Excellency, you're on the air. Just hum over the lyrics of that novelty you mentioned on the stairs.

Shah: What do you mean—without a piano or anything?

Savacool: Correct. I'll fill in the sharps and flats in my head.

Shah: But how can you appreciate all the— well, the tempo and the *lilt* of the song?

Savacool: By instinct, Bud—the same way you know if a prime minister is shortchanging you. There's tricks in every trade. Come on, I'll beat time with my foot.

Shah (*dubiously*): All right, but it's a shame to louse it up. (*He unfurls a roll of music and clears his throat.*)

'Way down yonder in Khorramshahr,
That's where singing and dancing are,
It's a pleasure to browse there,
Or so I'm told.
Persian mamas with shapely gams,
Lips as sweet as Southern yams—

Sibyl (*breaking in*): Sorry, Mr. Savacool. Leopold of Belgium on the wire.

Savacool: I'll call him back in his dressing room.

Sibyl: He's in some sort of jam; his trunks went astray.

Savacool: Holy cats! (*Jumping up.*) Go on humming, Riza. I'm listening to every word. (*Into phone.*) Yep, speaking. . . . What? . . . You mean with all the trapeze equipment and everything? . . . Oh, *those* trunks. (*With relief.*) What the hell, Leo, you can go on without tights, especially at the matinée. . . . Well, then, borrow a pair of shorts from the stage manager. . . . Positively, by air mail. So long.

Shah (*continuing undaunted*):

Take me back to those dreamy glades,
Let me revel with sloe-eyed maids,
'Way down yonder in Khorramshahr.

(*Anxiously.*) How does it strike you, Mr. Savacool?

Savacool: You want my honest reaction, Riza? It's too sophisticated. The average person don't know from the Persian Gulf.

Shah: Would it be more believable if I made it North Africa? Like:

'Way down yonder in Marrakech
That's the place which it gives me a letch.

Savacool (*concentrating*): No-o-o, I'm groping for some spot—it's on the tip of my tongue. . . . Wait, I got it! What about " 'Way down yonder in New Orleans"?

Shah: Gee, that'd be sensational!

(*During the foregoing, two individuals swathed in burnooses, but not so heavily as to obscure the fact that they are Ibn-Saud and his son Faisal, have come in. They seat themselves unobtrusively and, realizing they will be forced to wait, draw out a sheep and begin roasting it on a charcoal brazier. Captivated by its delicious odor, Savacool moves toward them like a somnambulist.*)

Savacool: Yes? What can I do for you gents?

Ibn-Saud: Well, it's like this. My boy and I, we've been hashing up a comedy skit. The way we estimate, we have a hundred and fourteen boffs, fifty-six bellies, and twenty-two yocks.

Savacool: Why don't we step into my private office and discuss it over lunch?

Faisal: We don't want to interrupt you if you're busy.

Savacool (*gaily*): Neighbor, I'm never busy when two guys bust in with a red-hot idea. Here, let me help you carry that stove.

Shah: Uh—getting back to my lyric, Mr. Savacool, what becomes of the dervish line in the vamp if I make it New Orleans?

Savacool: Yes, yes, work it out along those lines. (*Escorting his new clients off.*) You know, I might just have an opening for two Arab comics in the Hedgehog Room.

Sibyl (*compassionately, as the Shah stands woebegone*): Cheer up, Your Highness. Remember, there's no business like show business.

Shah: What did you say? Would you mind repeating that? (*She does. An expression of almost insupportable glee invades his face.*) *Yowzer!* Have I got a terrific theme for a song!

Curtain

—S. J. Perelman

THE SECRET YEARS

When Joyce was twelve years old, she had sworn to herself that she would never forget what it was like to be a child. She had believed that if she could keep her vow, then her children would always be happy. But, like so many childhood vows, it had been cast aside in the process of growing up, and she might never have given it another thought if her daughter, Felicia, had not criticized her attire one afternoon when the two of them were about to go to Sandra Shayne's sixth birthday party.

Felicia, who was not quite six, was swinging on the door of Joyce's bedroom, waiting for her to finish her rather desultory toilet. "Mummy, you know what I wish?" she said. "I wish you would wear stockings."

"For heaven's sake, will you please stop swinging like that?" Joyce said around the scarlet tongue of her lipstick.

Felicia let the door go and went and stood beside her mother in front of the dressing table. Joyce set the lipstick down and smoothed Felicia's fine brown hair back from her forehead, catching it once more in the gold barrette it had escaped from. "That's a lovely dress Grandma sent you, isn't it?" she said.

The child nodded, regarding herself solemnly in the mirror. The dress was pale pink organdie, smocked at the yoke and sashed with crimson velvet. As yet, the heat that shimmered off the California hills had not wilted its tissue-paper freshness. "Why in the world do you want me to wear stockings?" Joyce asked.

"Sandra's mother always does." Felicia's voice was casual, but her brown eyes looked intensely into the mirror, focussing on some point far beyond their image.

And I suppose, thought Joyce, Sandra's mother wears a silver-fox cape and a hat with a veil on Hollywood Boulevard in June. "But it's so hot, darling," she said. She stretched out one smooth, tanned leg. The delicate tendons of her ankle rippled under the sandal thongs. "And I'd have to wear pumps."

"Please, Mummy."

Joyce opened the drawer of her dressing table. Scents of perfume and face powder and leather gloves mingled in the humid air. Felicia sneezed. Joyce found two dark nylons that matched. It would be necessary to change her dress, which was yellow linen and the coolest thing she owned. She felt a twinge of annoyance. It seemed as if she had always dressed to suit other people—her mother, her friends, her husband. Now her child would prescribe how she must look. Beads of perspiration were breaking out on her lip, and she turned to Felicia to say that she would not change, but, seeing that intense look again, she faltered, and kicked off her sandals.

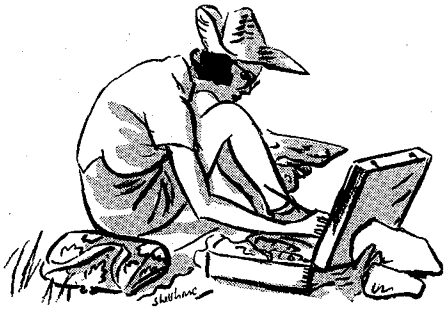
Something in Felicia's expression brought back to Joyce a morning out of her own childhood, in New York. It must have been a Sunday, for there were bells breaking over the city and leisurely strollers on Park Avenue. She was walking with her father, bound for their weekly visit to the zoo. The day was joyous ("halcyon" was the word, she thought), as only remembered mornings can be, the sky all blue banners let down between the buildings, and tulips blooming between the lanes of traffic—so many years ago, when there were real little parks, with benches and brick walks, in the middle of the avenue.

She might have been eight that spring. She could remember her navy coat. It was April. She was out of leather leggings, but she wore her squirrel muff on a cord around her neck. The soft air; the exquisite smell of spring in the city, of soot and of water running under the grilles of the gutter; the breeze that shook the trees in their iron cages—these must have touched her father (who was usually quite proper and sedate), for he began to sing, not melodiously but loud and gay, opening his mouth wide, his head back, his fedora aslant on his high, domed forehead, showing his ash-blond, crinkled hair.

Joyce tugged at his coat, and he paused in the middle of a bar. "How does it go, pet?" he asked. "De-dum de-dum de-dee?"

"Oh, Daddy, I don't know." That was not true. She knew. It was the French tune her brother had been practicing on the piano. But she would not help him—not with the doormen and the nursemaids listening, and cabdrivers watching from the curb.

What happened next was even worse. He remembered the words himself—"*ne sais quand reviendra*"—and he scooped her arm up under his, her clenched hand in his gloved one, and they went skipping along the pavement, her muff bouncing against her stomach and her father's coattails flapping out behind. "*Mi-ron-ton, mi-ron-ton, mi-ron-tai-ne* . . ."



"Stop, please stop," she begged.

"Why? Why should I stop?" he panted. "I like to skip."

"It looks so funny. It's not right." There were tears of exasperation in her eyes. She could not have been more humiliated if he had shed his clothes right there in front of St. Bartholomew's. "You're too old."

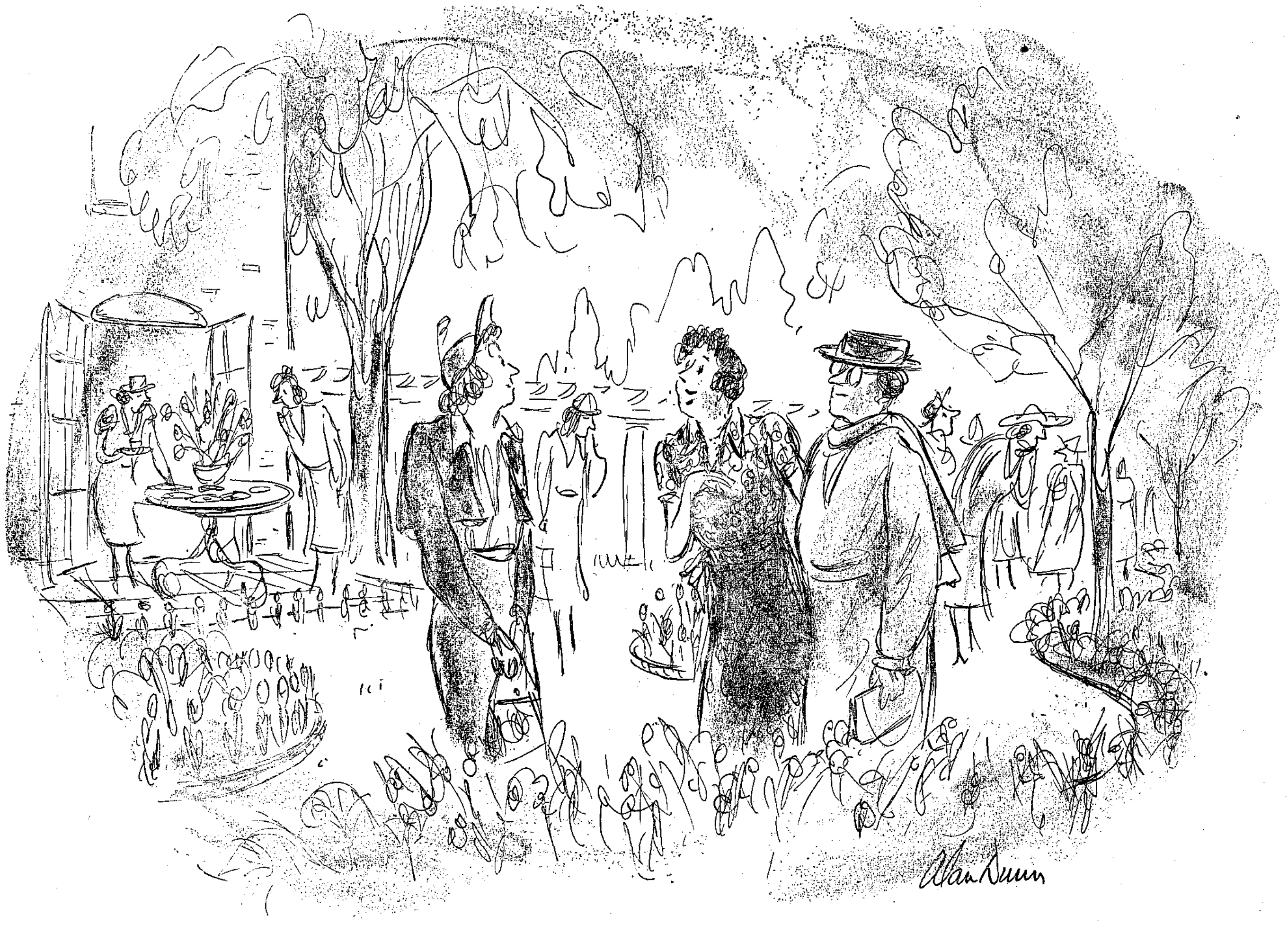
They had to stop at the corner. The light was against them. When it turned green, they proceeded in a dignified manner the rest of the way to the zoo, but the day was spoiled. She had been embarrassed. She had hurt her father. She did not dare look at his face till they were safe in the lion house. Then she glanced up and saw the gentle preoccupation of his gray eyes, the pinched air about his fine, high-bridged nose, and felt a premonition of pity.

Joyce drew the film of stocking up her leg under her daughter's approving eyes and wondered if Felicia felt anything more than satisfaction at having got her way. The child had found a string of fake pearls in the drawer. She coiled them like a snake and made them writhe along the dresser top. Whatever she really felt was her own secret. It was then that Joyce remembered her unkept vow. One could discern a child's embarrassment and dispose of it, she knew, but suddenly she was appalled by the thought of all the undiscoverable secrets of all the years to come.

"Darling," she said, "I promise to look nice. Why don't you go outdoors and play quietly while I change my clothes?"

Felicia hugged her and slipped out of the room. Joyce opened the closet and found her pumps and her black silk dress. How importunate I was, too, she reflected. What impossible attributes I wanted my parents to assume, and how I suffered because they could not change to suit me. She sat down on the bed, her dress in her lap, bemused by another memory.

She had been much older than Felicia then, a freshman at college, home for Christmas vacation. She remembered herself perched on the edge of the mauve chaise longue in her parents' bedroom, watching her mother dress. Joyce's shoulders, bare above her pink



"Irma, I want you to meet Mrs. Rush. Mrs. Rush has a very successful compost pit."

• •

slip, were shivering with apprehension. Peter, whom she loved, and a friend of his were coming to dinner. Later they were to escort her and Peg, her visiting college roommate, to the theatre. Joyce had known from the first day of vacation that it had been a mistake to allow her mother to cajole her into giving this party. Now she was surer of that than ever. On the brink of the evening, everything was going wrong.

"That hostess gown is much too beautiful," Joyce said. "I promised Peter we wouldn't be fancy."

Her mother glanced at her impatiently, her arms already caught above her head in the sleeves of a gold blouse. "What do you suggest I wear, dear? A cotton house dress? I notice you asked Christine to steam your black velvet."

"As long as you insisted on buying us orchestra seats, I have to look proper," Joyce said.

At that time, her family was living in the duplex on the fifteenth floor of the apartment house that belonged to her mother's father. Joyce had never seen the Tuileries, but she imagined her grandfather's building to be a replica of that palace, grown to skyscraper height. Its fluted cornices and pediments were etched with soot and spattered with the white-and-green droppings of pigeons, and the lower windows sulked behind intricate iron bars. On the side facing the avenue, a semicircular arcade permitted limousines and cabs to discharge their occupants directly into the vaulted marble lobby. The great gray building seemed a prison to Joyce, its inherent gloom mitigated only slightly by the fact that during the holiday season it was festive. Then high heels sparkled through the tiled halls, whistles blew for cabs, there was a rush of people—of friends and relatives—coming and going, and outside, in the windows overlooking the avenue, the Christmas trees were dark, triangular secrets behind their colored lights. But as a general rule Joyce considered her home nothing but an archaic horror. That Peter would condemn it utterly she had no doubt, and as the hour of his arrival drew near, she desperately believed that the least she could do was get her mother to change her costume.

"Why don't you wear your green wool?" she suggested.

"Dear child," said her mother, "do you really think these boys are going to pay any attention to what I wear?"

"Of course," Joyce said. "I mean I don't know about his friend, but Peter always notices my clothes."

"He's interested in you, not me," her mother protested, but she relinquished the beautiful blouse and stepped out of her skirt.

"It's not that, Mum. It's what clothes stand for—fads and extravagance." Joyce had to choose her words carefully, not to let Peter's phrases intrude. "Conspicuous waste," "bourgeois"—they could seem tactless.

She had met him at college at the end of a student debate on the Non-Intervention policy. After a few intellectual jousts—unique in her experience—in dreary and disreputable beer halls well away from the campus, she had become his girl. Their relationship was sustained, or so she believed, by the fact that for the first time in her life she was able to be herself, to appear as advocate of her own ideals, unencumbered by the myths of family and background. Not until the day before vacation had she summoned up enough courage to tell Peter her home address. It had then been necessary to admit that, despite her enthusiasm for the New Deal and collective bargaining, she lived on Park Avenue.

Joyce left her mother and went along the carpeted hall, where a veil of cigar smoke drifted from her grandfather's room every evening when he returned from downtown. His door was closed now. He napped before dinner. Fortunately, he was dining out tonight. There would have been no way to disguise him for Peter.

The door to her own room was ajar, letting a strip of light lie across the blue-and-brown medallions of the Persian runner in the hall. In years gone by, Joyce's room had been a game room, and in the chiaroscuro of her earliest memories it was panelled with some dark wood and made brilliant in the center by the emerald field of a billiard table. Players in black-and-white leaned over the balls, shining suspenders blousing their starched shirts, and even as Joyce now stood in the hall, it was as if Peter stood beside her, seeing, as she did, the cues poised on the spread, gold-ringed fingers, and his face was bitter.

Joyce entered her room. Wallpaper and pink silk lampshades had dispelled all traces of its sporting past. Peg was curled on one of the twin beds, under the folds of a purple kimono, her hip high and her head propped on a crooked arm. She was writing a letter.

"I did it," Joyce said softly. "She's not going to wear that hostess gown."

"Good," said Peg, still scratching words. "What do they call that material?"

"Lamé," said Joyce. "Cloth of gold. Can't you just imagine what Peter would say?"

Peg nodded and tore two sheets off her writing tablet and folded them. "This is a gyp of a letter," she said. "Poor Mother—the more there is to tell, the less I write." Peg had come to college from China, where her parents were missionaries. Their letters, which she occasionally read to Joyce, told of the roads beyond Shanghai that crawled with refugees, and of shells dropping into the river.

"Letters must be hard," said Joyce. "Like writing from one world to another."

She started to dress. Her hands were distressingly cold against her own skin. "Peg," she wailed. "I simply can't wear lisle stockings tonight—not with this dress. They bunch at the ankles and the velvet sticks to them." One was supposed to boycott silk from Japan.

"I'm going to wear silk ones." Peg giggled. "Who's going to know, with a long dress?"

Peg was not too concerned with the tactics of the evening. Of course, Joyce reasoned, watching her lick a pink airmail stamp with her pink tongue, she was not responsible. She was not in love with Peter. This was not her home. She was only a guest. Joyce wished that she, too, were a guest. But Peg was not unsympathetic. "Well," she said, "you've fixed your mother, and your grandfather's going out. But what are you going to do about your father?"

"Oh, Lord!" said Joyce. "Him!" She went into the bathroom and brushed her hair before the mirror, briskly, until short spears of curls stood out all around her face. Her face was too small and sharp. It had a way of fading out when she was worried, so that only the bright hair seemed real. She would have to handle her father before Peter arrived. She had a sudden, dreadful vision of her mother leaning over her soup plate asking, "What did the stock market do today, dear?" If only they would not talk politics!

Joyce went downstairs. She felt tall in the unaccustomed heels and the long skirt, and she paused for a moment in the entrance to the living room, as if measuring herself against the gold damask portières that framed it. Her father, as she had expected, was sitting in his chair near the fireplace, reading the evening paper. His legs slanted out before him, and his eyeglasses were pushed down his nose. Behind him, the Christmas tree, faced by the marble Diana that had been moved across the room to make space for it, bristled with tinsel and cold globes of light.

Joyce's father looked up and grinned as she came to him and kissed his cheek, which still smelled of the cold outdoors and tobacco and something she had always identified as "the office smell." "You look very pretty," he said, flipping the newspaper expertly inside out at the crossword-puzzle page. "Someone special coming?"

"Peter," she said. "Peter Travis."

"Do I know him?" He always asked, as if he could not be expected to remember her friends.

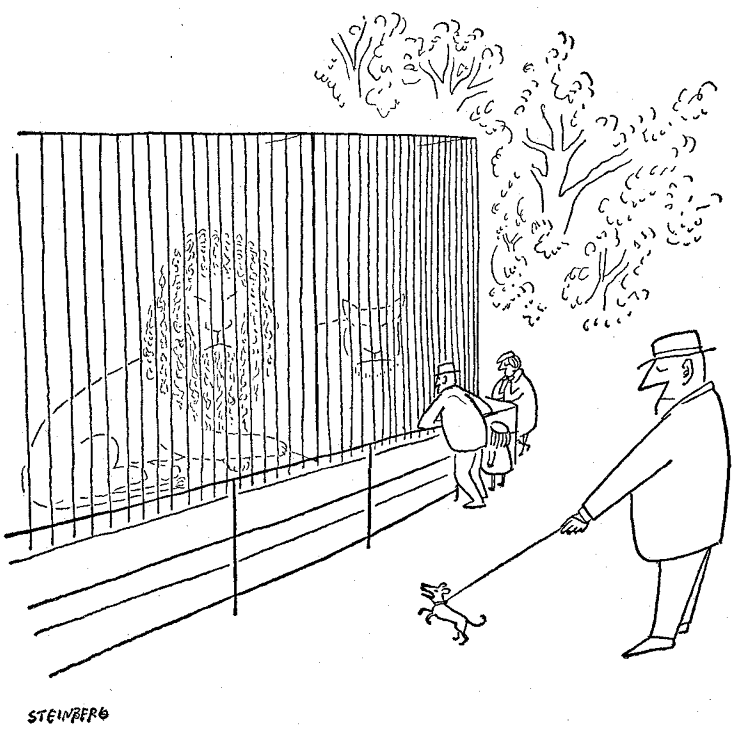
"No. He's a junior. He should have been a senior this term, but last year he went to fight in Spain. I didn't know him then."

Her father's gold pencil traced the crossword-puzzle squares against his knee. "What is a small orifice in a sponge? Seven letters."

"I haven't the faintest notion." He was hopeless. She could only warn him that in half an hour he would be facing an enemy. "He fought for the Loyalists," she said. "Do you think it would be all right if Christine didn't help Greta wait on table? I do think Greta could manage alone, especially since I persuaded Mother not to have grapefruit before the soup."

"Doesn't Peter like grapefruit?" Her father knew perfectly well what she was driving at, but he refused to be serious. "You know that's your mother's department, not mine," he said, adjusting his glasses on the bridge of his nose. " 'Roman household gods'—penates. They never fail to have them in puzzles, do they?"

Joyce shook her head. Then, quite distinctly, she heard the service bell



ringing in the kitchen. "Oh, damn that doorman!" she said.

Her father looked up over the rimless lenses of his glasses.

"He promised not to announce them." Joyce's hands fluttered with dismay. "Do you suppose he's made them come up in the service elevator?"

"I doubt it," said her father. "Do they look like delivery boys?"

It had happened once to one of her brother's friends, who had not worn a tie. Peter would surely wear a tie. Christine appeared between the gold portières. "Here you are, Miss Joyce," she said, and handed her two square white boxes. Joyce took them from her, not trusting her voice to say thank you, and opened one. A white camellia lay, flecked with pearls of moisture and fragrantly cool, on green seaweed paper. It gave her courage. "Isn't it beautiful?" she said when Christine had gone. "Daddy, do me a favor. Please don't say a word about Roosevelt tonight." She fled upstairs, the boxes, light as balloons, pressed against her breast.

There was nothing to do then but wait. Joyce, her father and mother, and Peg gathered in the living room. Joyce's uneasiness had been communicated to everyone else. Peg lit a cigarette and tasted each draw before she puffed it out. Joyce's father shook his newspaper. Her mother moved from room to room, filling silver dishes with mints, realigning the starred poinsettias in the vases on the mantel. The clock in the hall struck seven, the old chimes lapping into one another. Joyce knew that Greta and Christine would be rattling silver impatiently in the pantry. They hated meals to be late. So did her mother. "If they don't get here soon," she said, "you'll miss the first act."

Joyce stood beside the Christmas tree. In each polished, golden globe, the room, with all its baroque detail, was mirrored convexly; her own face came to meet her, fat-cheeked, hideous. There was a faint, resinous scent from the branches. Behind the college was a pine woods where she and Peter walked on Sundays, while the bare wind cried overhead. That was where they belonged. Not here. For how could Peter ever love her once he had seen her as part of this room, with the damask curtains drawn against the night, the fastidious golden fingers of the lamps, and the tapestry behind the satinwood piano? How could he believe that she would share his arduous revolutionary life? Tears filled her eyes.

Then she heard the iron whine of the elevator rising, the doors sliding back. She ran to the hall, almost tripping over her skirt in her haste to get there before Christine, who came flying from the pantry, her tiny cap set back on her marcelled hair, an apron fluttering over her green sateen uniform. Joyce won. As the bell rang, she opened the door, and Peter and a strange boy stood before her. Their overcoats hung open. Wool mufflers were slung around their necks.

"This is Chuck Layton," Peter murmured. Chuck took her hand and bowed over it, muttering something indistinguishable. The boys' shyness was reassuring. They took off their coats, slipping scarves and gloves neatly into the pockets, and handed them to Christine as though they had quite expected to find her waiting there with arms outstretched in the warm, deep-green hallway. And docilely, in their dark-blue serge suits, they followed Joyce through the gold portières.

"Come and get me!"

• •

IN the sunny bedroom in California, more than a decade later, Joyce smiled to herself, thinking of the delicate balance of a child's loyalties. She stood up and pulled the black dress on and toed into her shoes. Back she went to the mirror again. Mascara, this time, she thought, and every bracelet and bauble I can find, for Felicia. I'll outglamour all the mothers. She could only do her best and hope it was enough.

She remembered her own mother presiding at the dinner table that night, her elegant white neck rising unadorned from the green dress, her face, with its fringe of dark curls, tilted toward Chuck Layton. It would have taken more than a house dress to transform her into Joyce's image of a proletarian mother. Christine was proffering the celery and olives, and Greta bobbed after with the crescent rolls under the wings of a napkin. Above the white-and-silver table, the chandelier hung, a ponderous skein of icicles. A group of Capo di Monte figurines danced on the sideboard, and the conversation skimmed from place to place, faltered, and died.

Peter held Joyce's hand under the tablecloth, and she had begun to relax when her grandfather appeared in the doorway, and the boys stood up to be introduced. She had dismissed him from her fears, forgetting that he often looked in on them at table. Now, in his dinner jacket, she saw him as the archetype of the capitalist, short and round and bald-headed, his paunch creasing the stiff-bosomed shirt and embellished by a watch chain. The heavy mustache, yellowed by cigar smoke, gave a morose air to his ruddy face. He asked if Joyce would like him to send Patrick, his chauffeur, back with the car to take them to the theatre.

"No, thanks," said Joyce. "It'll be too late." She knew that Peter could not possibly sit at ease under the lap robe in the Packard, or rap on the glass and tell Patrick where to go. She prayed that her grandfather would not sit down or tell any of his jokes or use any of his special words, such as "coon" and "wop."

He waved at the boys to be seated. He was on his way. He would not sit down even for a bite of dessert. Joyce's relief was so great that she almost forgave him for being himself.

Later, they ran all the way to the theatre. Once out of the apartment, Joyce became lighthearted. The four of them laughed, weaving through the peopled streets, pushing around the windy corners of buildings, and finally they sat breathless in their plush seats. What was the play? Something by Odets or Maxwell Anderson—something that seemed more passionate and hopeful than anything she had seen in the theatre since. The lights dimmed, and there were Peter's hands spreading the velvet cape, with its white bunny collar, behind her shoulders. (She still had, in her jewelry box, an emblem of skull and bones that Peter had taken from the cap of one of Mussolini's soldiers in Spain. That was the only token she had of him, aside from his picture in the college yearbook—second from the left, the one with the dark hair and the serious lips. She had read in a 1945 alumni bulletin—by then she was married and her relationship with Peter had faded past even the Christmas-card stage—that he had been killed on Iwo Jima.)

JOYCE gave herself a last look in the mirror and walked, through the striations of light and shade thrown into the house by bamboo blinds, out to the heat of the patio. Felicia was waiting in the double swing under the scalloped canopy. "I'm ready!" called Joyce, and as the child ran to her, she asked, "Will I do now? Do I look all right?"

Felicia stared at her with rapt eyes. "Oh, Mummy, you look so pretty!"

Holding hands, they went down the white driveway to the street. The dust powdered Joyce's suède pumps. On the sidewalk, the marbled red-and-green pepper pods snapped under her heels. She felt the heat beneath her arms, the wrinkles shaping at the waist of her dress, but Felicia was happy. She ran on ahead, her hair loose again, one loop of her sash undone, and her skirt wilted. Joyce followed the dancing pink figure around the corner and down Sandra's street, and still memory nagged and eluded her, as if it held some moment that might illuminate those secret years.

The four of them had returned to the apartment that night after the play (the doormen yawned and nodded, unbuttoned, in the lobby) and found it hushed and powerless. Joyce's parents had gone to bed. The clock sounded behind them as they dropped their wraps in the gloom of the hall and tiptoed through the rooms to the large, white-walled kitchen. They whispered together, drinking milk, eating the remnants of a chocolate mousse. There was a smell of dishrags and silver polish. Peter leaned against the gas range, one foot on its nickel bar, its obsolete black hood above his head. He sang softly,

"Bandiera rossa
Trionferà,
Bandiera rossa
Trionferà . . ."

In rooms beyond the kitchen, the maids were asleep. Occasionally, while Joyce and Peg and Chuck were silent, waiting for another song to start, they felt the huge bones of the building tremble as trains moved through the tunnelled rock beneath it. After a while, Peg and Chuck rinsed their glasses in the sink and went off into the more private depths of the apartment. Joyce and Peter opened the kitchen window and leaned out. Below them, the fire escapes zigzagged into subterranean back courts, and beyond, the rooftops, with their panoply of chimney pots and ventilators, spread in dark, mysterious terraces away to the river. There lay the city, the real world where they would find their time and place. At its periphery, armies clashed and the future waited.

IT had been so long ago. Soon it would be a generation gone. My generation, thought Joyce, and watched her daughter duck through the rows of oleanders ahead. She quickened her step. It was impossible to remember everything according to her vow, and probably quite useless, as far as understanding Felicia was concerned. For each generation was shaped uniquely by its own time and place. And after all, thought Joyce, I never really wanted my parents, sleeping so innocently, so vulnerable that night, to know what I knew or guess what I felt.

"Felicia!" cried Joyce, but by the time she had caught up with her, she was not certain why she had tried to call her back. They were on the path that led to Sandra's house, and there was time only to tie Felicia's sash before the door opened and the swarms of children surrounded them. —NANCY CARDOZO

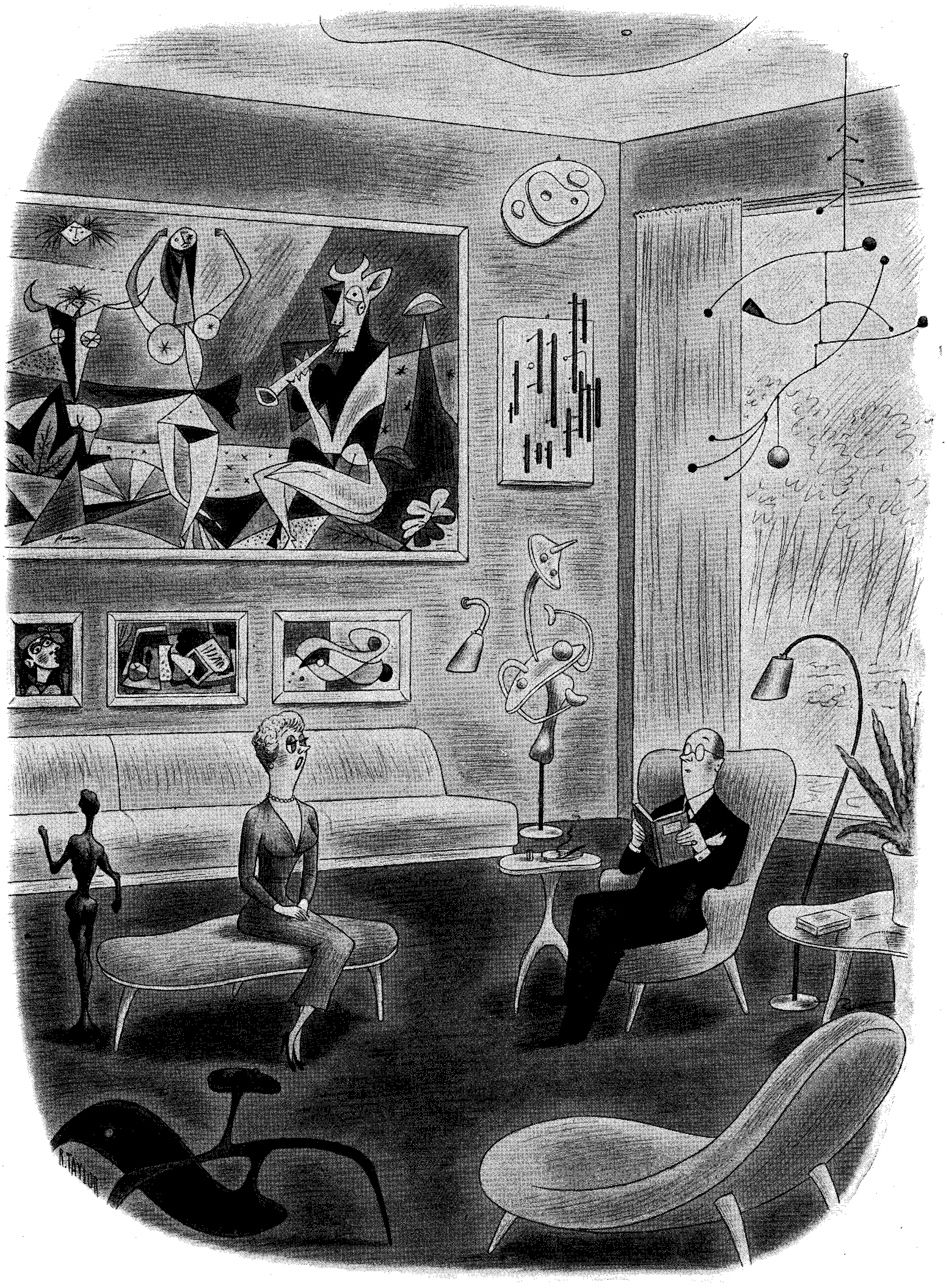
REFLECTIONS ON A DARK DAY

Now and then there seems some doubt
I have much to brag about.
Cleo, serpent of the Nile,
Owned a more romantic style,
Mary upped more Scottish bonnets,
Laura won diviner sonnets,
Saint Theresa's soul was sunnier,
Austen wrote a good deal funnier,
Braver far was Molly Pitcher,
Even Hetty Green got richer.

Now and then I tell my mirror:
Isolde's lovers held her dearer,
Joan was better versed in miracle,
Sappho's poems read more lyrical,
Staël attracted people wittier,
Jenny Lind could carol prettier,
Hero brought, like Héloise,
Courtlier fellows to their knees,
And it's plain that Helen's powers
Burnt a lot more topless towers.

Still and all, there's this I've got—
They are dead and I am not.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

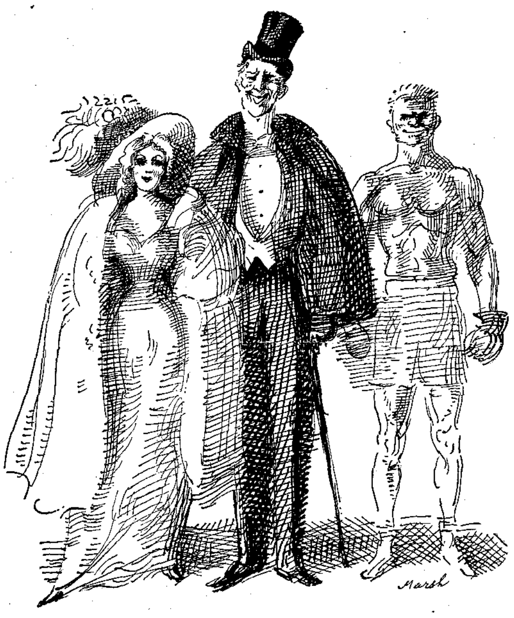


*"George, I don't know how you're going to take this,
but I've grown tired of modern."*

PROFILES

LEGEND OF A SPORT

POSTSCRIPT: THE PRIZERING PHASE—I

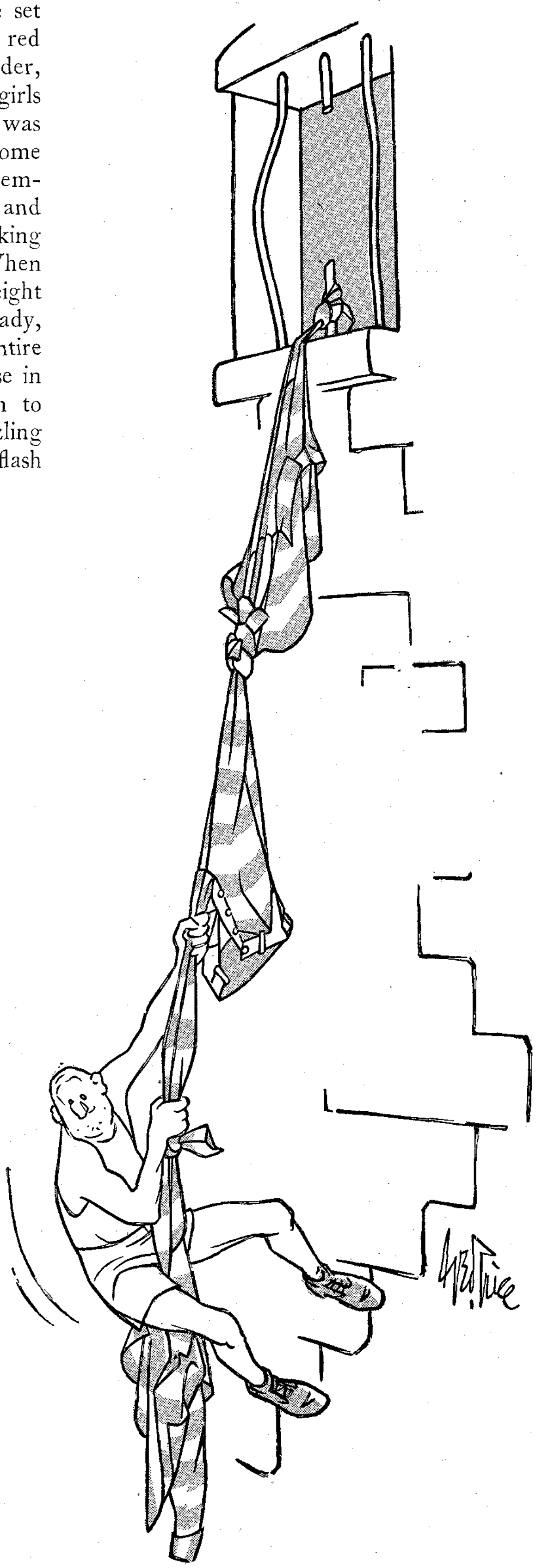


Dazian's, Inc., New York theatrical costumers for the last hundred and seven years, received an uncommon order for merchandise in the spring of 1910. "Emil," said the late Wilson Mizner over the telephone to Emil Friedlander, then a young clerk, now chairman of the board of Dazian's, "hustle out to Woodlawn Inn with samples of that super-silk. Stanley Ketchel needs some shirts." Mizner's slightest wish had the cogency of a five-alarm fire to Friedlander. Mizner was the No. 1 sport, or man-about-town, in 1910. He was a glittering object, on display in all the leading Manhattan showcases, from the Haymarket to the Horse Show. A first-nighter and ringsider, he travelled about with startling exhibits like Diamond Jim Brady and Bet-a-Million Gates. He was a conspicuous figure at races, baseball games, and greenroom celebrations, in the company of mature birds of paradise like Lillian Russell or younger specimens like Grace Washburn of the Winter Garden, Evelyn Nesbit of the Thaw case, and a few of the breathtaking Mrs. Nat Goodwins and Mrs. Kid McCoys. Mizner was noted for his spectacular entrances. Hat-check girls being almost unknown at that time, he walked into restaurants wearing a made-to-order silk hat two inches higher than the norm. He was a little over six feet three, with a gigantic head and a large, statesmanlike face; the caricatures of the time made him look like Woodrow Wilson. According to the Broadway sage, Swiftie Morgan, Mizner had the highest collars in the world specially made for him, partly for the insolence of the thing and partly to conceal a frantically bobbing Adam's apple. He carried a white-handled, white-shafted cane three or four inches taller than any other known walking stick and wore an Inverness cape thrown back over his shoulders to show its white satin lining and a spacious white shirt front. The novelist Djuna Barnes, describing him in the *Morning Telegraph*, said that his fingernails were "ovals of opalescent opulence." He was as vertical as the savage ladies who carry baskets on their heads, and for a similar reason—his family explained his extraordinary physical rectitude by pointing out that as a gangling boy he had been compelled for years to balance a No. 8 head on a No. 11 neck. In spite of an air of intelligence, he looked like a young Gotrox, Astorbilt, or Millionbucks out of the pages of *Puck* or *Judge*, and that is exactly what Friedlander took him to be. After hearing from Mizner, Emil caught the next train and made the long, slow journey up to Woodlawn Inn, in the remote wilderness of the Bronx.

Mizner was in the midst of a strange interlude in a strange career. He had recently become the manager of the Michigan Assassin, Stanley Ketchel, middleweight champion of the world and, according to many ring experts, the greatest fighter of his weight since the bare-knuckle days. The new manager had chosen Woodlawn Inn as a training camp because of its remoteness and inaccessibility, but it rapidly became a branch of the Times Square Country Club. Mizner carried the glare of the Great White Way into the James Fenimore Cooper country, and the rustic training camp was filled with Manhattan celebrities. Mizner was managing a great drawing card. Handsome as a half-grown leopard, cute as a devil of two, young Ketchel threatened to become the biggest society fad since John L. Sullivan. Boxing was at a low ebb is 1910, but it became the fashion to make the pilgrimage out to the border of Westchester County to be with Mizner and Ketchel. Mizner had the reputation of being the town's foremost wit, and his disciples considered it obligatory to open any conversation with "I was out with Wilson Mizner last night, and do you know what he said?" Addison Mizner, the famous Florida architect, asserted that he found it impossible to get near his brother at this time, because Wilson was always surrounded by a mob, some of them surreptitiously taking notes on his conversation for use in short stories or vaudeville dialogue. All through Wilson's life, the memorizers and middlemen of wit attached themselves to him like jobbers to a manufacturer. In 1910, Wilson was still supposed to possess bags of treasure salvaged from his marriage with "the forty-million-dollar widow," Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes—the sensational match between the Merry Widow and the Candy Kid, as the *Morning Telegraph* described it. Mizner had the double radiance of being a Klondiker and a Californian, although the California aura was becoming slightly moth-eaten. A little later, it disappeared entirely, and Mizner wrote his friend Sam Berger, the learned San Francisco heavyweight, that if a man registered from anywhere in California, the hotel clerk automatically gave him drummers' rates and a room without a bath. Mizner blamed this on the Iowa invasion of the Far West and demanded to know why the California legislature, which had appropriated millions to keep out Phylloxera, had not made equally large appropriations to keep out Iowans.

After being welcomed to Woodlawn Inn by Mizner, Friedlander laid his samples on a table. Ketchel came in accompanied by four beautiful chorus girls who were helping him train. The girls, all of them collectors' items, broke into cries of delight at the sight of the gorgeous silks. Every piece of goods looked like a small fortune, and the stuff was, in fact, almost prohibitively expensive even in that age of spenders. The material, too rich for the blood of this generation, has not been manufactured for years. The only fabric faintly suggesting it today is found on jockeys and "The Blue Boy." Back in 1910, it was specially woven for Dazian's, and sold to a few mad producers who staged musical extravaganzas on a damn-the-expense basis. The Dazian silk was impregnated with gleaming metal. Under a dim illumination it glowed like hot iron, and in a strong light it became a sunburst of color. Ketchel was wild about the samples. He led off with an order for one set of shirts and tights in forest-fire red and followed it up with a second order, in bonbon blue. Then he had the girls select their favorite colors. Ketchel was shirt-crazy, and so was Mizner. Some of the early caricatures of Mizner emphasize his gaudy haberdashery and show him wearing the record-breaking high collars with vertical stripes. When Ketchel knocked out a heavyweight named Tony Caponi in Schenectady, Mizner and Ketchel spent the entire purse on fancy shirts. The purpose in summoning Friedlander had been to provide the fighter with a few dazzling garments to make an appropriate flash as he entered the ring, but Ketchel kept on ordering until he had a wardrobe for a small musical comedy and colors to ride for seventeen racing stables.

Friedlander was happy at first. He felt that he was pioneering new territory. Dazian's had hitherto made costumes for the theatrical profession only. The old champions Fitzsimmons and Jeffries had each possessed one Dazian shirt but had worn them only for stage appearances. As Friedlander was gleefully congratulating himself, he suddenly experienced a slight chill. The price of the shirts was fifty dollars apiece. The entire order, including tights and a few bathrobes, came to more than twenty-four hundred dollars. Emil remembered that the theatrical-costuming business has two branches; the first is selling the goods, and the second is collecting the money, and the second branch requires far more brains than the first. He had shot up rapidly in the Dazian organization because he was a bill-collecting wizard. He is still famous in the bad-debt annals of Broadway for a couple of feats he had performed before the Ketchel episode. Two celebrated theatrical magnates had rolled up huge bills at Dazian's, had wiped them out by going through bankruptcy, and had become rich again. Emil collected the outlawed obligations in full by breaking the news to the magnates about an exotic sensation called conscience and convincing them that they could give their jaded nervous systems a completely new jingle by merely making out checks in favor of Dazian's. With such achievements to his credit, he decided, on his way back from Woodlawn Inn, that he would look pretty silly if he allowed a prizefighter to rustle in twenty-four hundred dollars' worth of unpaid-for silks. The stuff had been ordered in Ketchel's name. Friedlander would have had no misgivings if the order had come directly from Mizner, who was one of the most solvent-looking fellows he had ever seen. Further than that, Mizner was a friend and next-door neighbor of Friedlander's. Mizner's address, like that of many other Broadway celebrities, was "Over Dazian's," Dazian's being at 142 West Forty-fourth, a few steps east of the Hotel Claridge. John Barrymore and others of the Royal Family, Elsie Janis and her mother, and a long list of other stars lived, at one time or another, "Over Dazian's." Wilson had a seventh-floor suite that has since been converted into the office of the chairman of the board of Dazian's. In 1910, Friedlander lived in a single room next to Mizner. It was not an ideal location, for heartbroken quartets frequently sobbed out old ballads around daybreak, and at times a burning-tannery smell would seem to penetrate the walls. Mizner explained that this was only the Campfire Boys commuting to the Orient, which was his flowery way of describing an opium-smoking party—a select entertainment that has since become less fashionable. Feeling that Mizner was reliable, Friedlander went to him with the problem of Ketchel's bill. Mizner whisked out a roll and peeled off twenty-four hundred-dollar bills and some smaller ones. The garments were delivered, and Mizner had the honor of managing the most expensively dressed fighter in history.



MANAGING Ketchel was a sideline with Mizner. Looked on as a struggling young man of leisure, he was actually a responsible executive in a mysterious industry that he described as "gentle larceny." He had a sixth sense, a kind of psychological divining rod for locating chumps with detachable bank rolls. George Bush, a

THE BEANS

Vermeer had names for it:
"Woman and Pearls," "Woman in Blue,"
And "Pouring Milk"—
Flemish interiors and stained-glass light;
And there is a scene lit by summer
That I would frame in a future room, and name
"Woman and Beans": a kitchen woven
In and out of a morning's sunlight,
Furniture and linoleum stitched in highlight,
A white, white space of wall with flowers,
A woman shelling beans in a pan,
Ticking the cool green seconds from time,
Feeling them smooth and white-fleshed, till
There is an end, a finished thing, a fullness.

Empty pods litter last night's news,
Giving their own views and obituaries,
Comments on crime, and the Washington scene.
There is a pattern here that coils
Repeated tendrils round the cloth and table,
And the seated woman mentally counting out portions.
There is handiwork here that lets the mind
Unravel a beanstalk, unwind a vine,
Leaning to the sun for sustenance
And warmth, that sprouts and puts out leaves
Above the roots of hands, busy for supper.
There are children being born and married again,
Husbands dying, and other houses,
And wars knocking on doors again.
There is supper, and magic, in a handful of beans
Tossed into the pan of a summer's morning;
Small sounds of time, and a vine twining;
Is it "Woman and Beans"? Is it "Woman in Time"?

—Marvin Solomon

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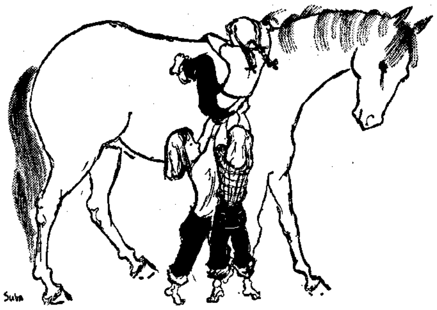
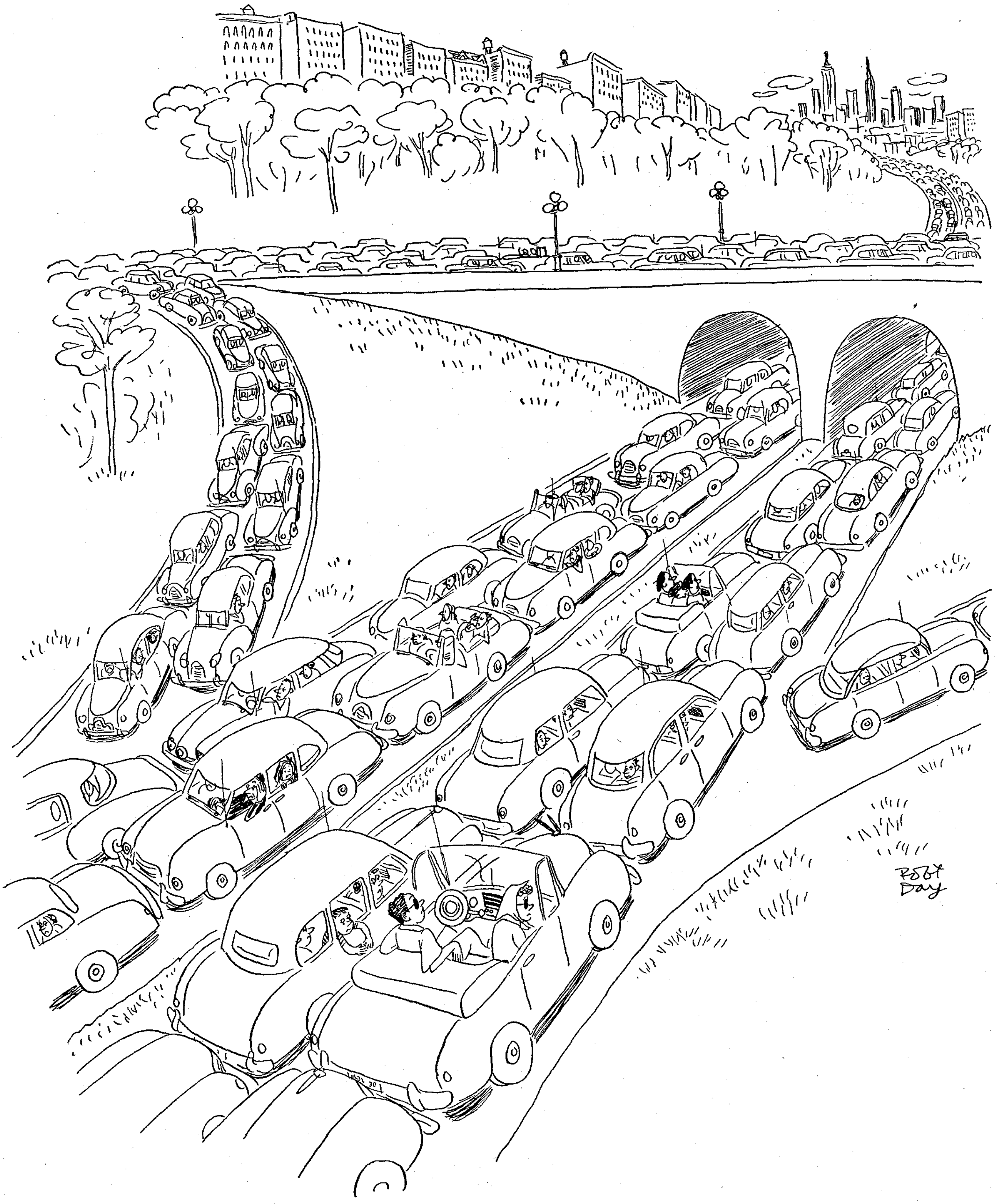
noted Broadway buccaneer, states that Mizner was always known by his enthusiastic confederates as "The Champion" because of his unparalleled instinct for finding easy marks and his accurate estimate of the amount of plunder that could be taken from them without provoking a squawk to the police. Djuna Barnes wrote that Wilson at street level could hear a ten-dollar bill fall on a plush carpet ten stories up. Captain Lefty James, of the Los Angeles Police Department, considered himself a leading authority on confidence games; after talking with Mizner, he said, "Nobody in America is qualified even to discuss the subject in that man's presence." Mixing in the gay and grand life was a business as well as a pleasure for Mizner, because it kept him in friendly communion with the rising generation of saps. The probabilities are that he used Ketchel as a wonderful piece of bait for attracting gilded imbeciles and taking over their quick assets. Mizner was nevertheless devoted to Ketchel, and he was still shedding honest tears over Ketchel's memory twenty years after the fighter's death. Mizner was known contemptuously as "the gentleman manager," but he was not entirely an ignoramus in the managerial field. When a boy, he had managed a bear that won more than a hundred decisions over the fiercest dogs in the Northwest. He had managed prizefighters in the Klondike and in Nome, one of his Alaskan protégés having been a clever battler named Young Jack McKernan, later famous as Doc Kearns, manager of Jack Dempsey and Mickey Walker. Mizner had managed Bob Fitzsimmons and others on tours of the sagebrush opera houses, posting a money guarantee that all challengers would be disposed of in two rounds, and occasionally, it is said, saving the guarantee by tapping the challenger over the head with a mallet after he had been maneuvered into a suitable position against the backdrop.

Mizner was originally a disinterested hanger-on in the Ketchel camp, and he rendered his greatest service to Ketchel on an honorary basis. Billy Papke had knocked out Ketchel in the twelfth round on September 7, 1908. The Ketchel adherents claimed that their man had fought in a daze, because Papke had stunned him with a sneak punch as they were shaking hands at the start of the fight. The two men were rematched. Mizner ostentatiously deserted Ketchel and enlisted under the banner of Papke. Ketchel was drinking and wenching himself into a dissipated wreck, according to Mizner, who said, "I'm through with that bum forever." Gaining a man's confidence was Mizner's vocation, and within a short time Papke believed that Wilson was the greatest pal any guy ever had. He wouldn't listen to anybody but his new chum. Mizner pointed out the folly of Papke's punishing himself with a hard training grind when he was to meet a sodden ruin like Ketchel. The Papke camp became a delightful scene of champagne parties attended by pretty girls, whom Mizner was always able to command in profusion. The return match was held on November 26, 1908, in San Francisco. Ketchel entered the ring in perfect condition. Papke was fat and couldn't coördinate well. The encounter became famous as the Cat and Mouse Fight. Ketchel could have knocked Papke out at any moment, but he preferred to make him suffer. Whenever he judged that Papke had had all the punishment he could absorb, Ketchel would slow up for a while and let him revive, in accordance with the old principle of the torture chamber. In the eleventh round, Papke became unconscious from general misery. From that time on, Ketchel worshipped Mizner. His manager was the famous Willus Britt. After Britt died, in 1909, Ketchel wouldn't hear of being managed by anybody but Mizner.



Mizner's connection with Ketchel was the climax of a sustained infatuation with the ring. He was probably the greatest unpaid sparring partner and training-camp hanger-on that the country ever produced. He boxed with a long dynasty of champions and contenders. Jack Johnson told Ashton Stevens, the



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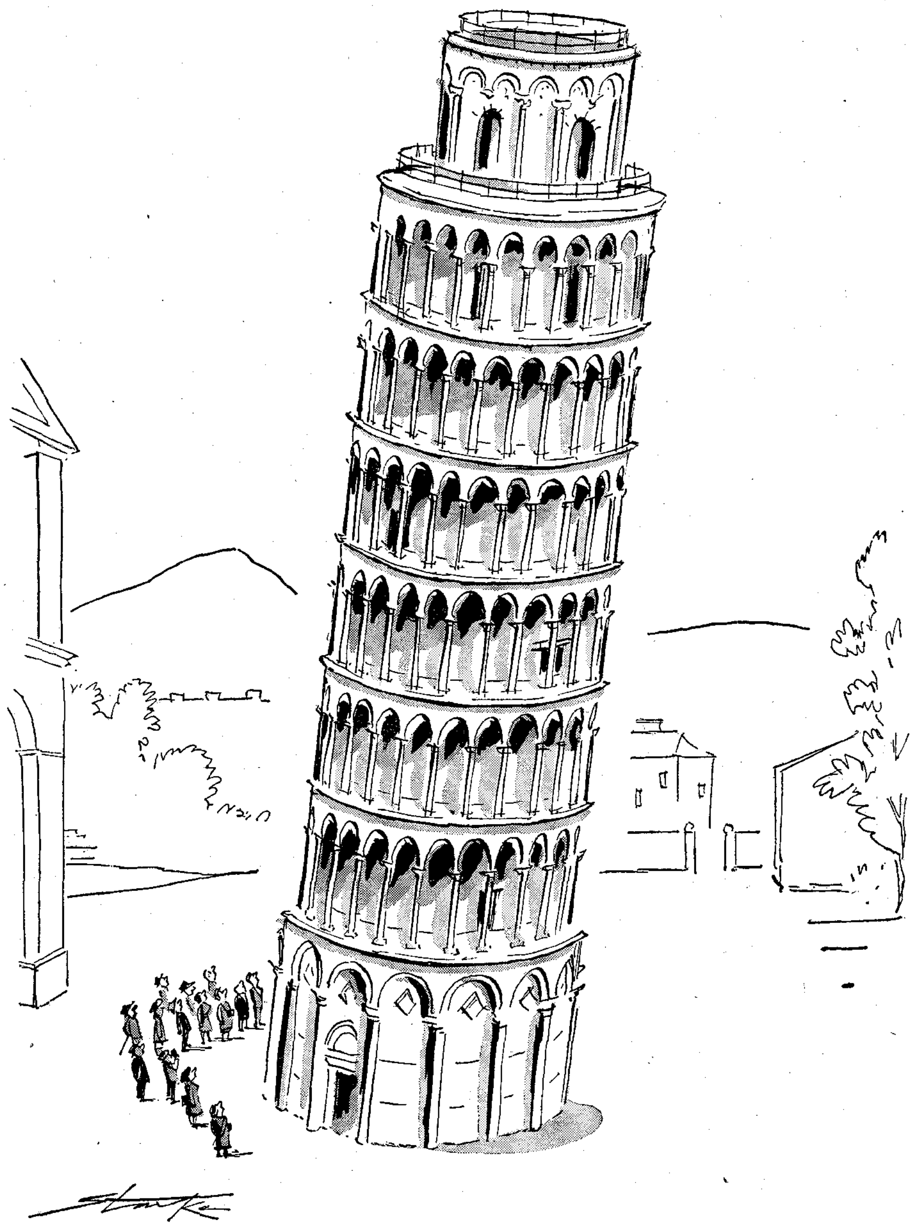
Chicago drama critic, that Wilson could have amounted to something in the ring but for his pipestem legs. Mizner was an accomplished loafer, and the most important loafing in the world is done around training camps. He was not wholly platonic in his love of pugilism. He had good judgment in picking winners of unfixed bouts. Many of his best friends were miscreants, and he could usually make a killing with inside information on any fight with a pre-ordained finish.

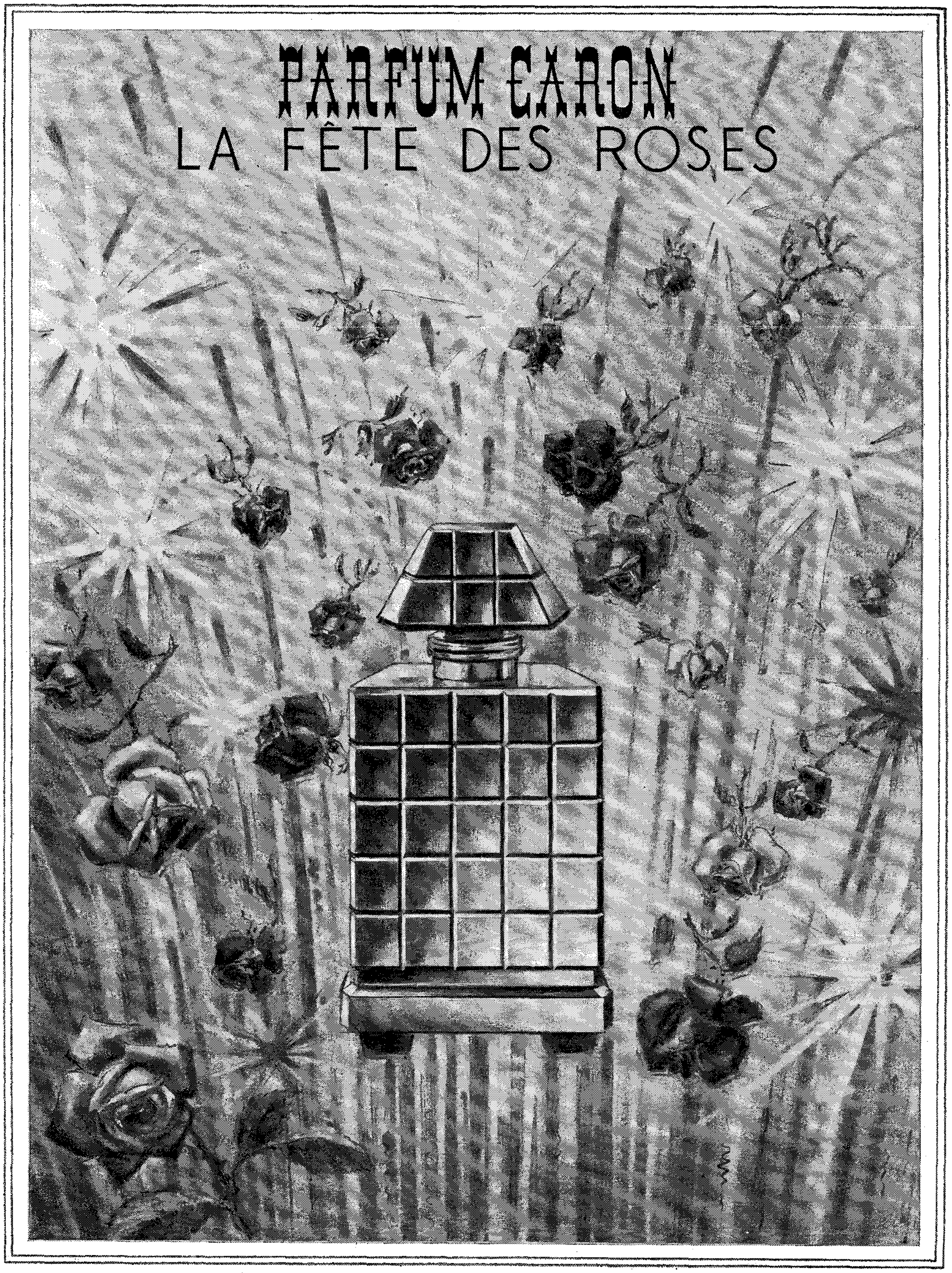
Wilson Mizner had become dedicated to the prizering in childhood because he was born in Benicia, a small town on the northeastern arm of San Francisco Bay. The cult hero of the place was the Benicia Boy, John C. Heenan, the best-known American fighter before John L. Sullivan. The Benicia Boy fought the most celebrated fight in ring history with Tom Sayers, the British champion, at Farnborough, England, in 1860. Benicia was put on the map by a prizefighter as no other place has ever been, with the exception of Bendigo, Australia, a city of thirty thousand souls, which was named after the Great Bendigo. Wilson's five brothers, and all the other young men of his generation, wanted to be Benicia Boys. The windmill and tank house of the Mizner property was the Stillman's Gymnasium of Benicia. At least three of the Mizner brothers reflected credit on Heenan's memory. The oldest of the three, Edgar Ames Mizner, whipped twenty-six men in a Klondike barroom, according to the fraternal statistics of Addison. The San Francisco *Examiner* recorded the fact that Edgar beat up a large mob of miners who attacked its Klondike correspondent, E. J. Livernash, in Dawson City. Addison, in spite of being an artist and a dude, tided himself over a financial crisis in Australia by becoming a professional heavyweight, and Wilson won fame as a rough-and-tumble fighter on the Barbary Coast.

Heenan had gone to California as a boy gold-seeker in 1852 and, after bad luck in the mines, made a living by swinging a thirty-two-pound sledge hammer for twelve hours a day in the Benicia shop of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which was the most important legal client of Lansing Bond Mizner, Wilson's father. Heenan earned the name of the Benicia Boy by whipping most of the amateur talent around San Francisco Bay and attracted national attention by knocking out a well-known Eastern professional named Gallagher in a moonlight bout in Sacramento. After coming East in 1858, he was defeated by the American champion, John C. Morrissey, but it was recognized that Heenan had made a great fight on one leg, the other having been badly damaged during training. Morrissey retired from the ring to enter New York politics and eventually became a state senator, leaving the Benicia Boy the undisputed heavyweight king.

Prizefighters were romantic heroes at that time because they were outlaws. The spectators were outlaws, too. There was a happy atmosphere of riot and revolution, of Shays' Rebellion and the Whiskey Insurrection, about the great encounters. Honors were showered on Heenan. He was painted, engraved, daguerreotyped, dramatized in the Bowery Theatre, biographied in the sporting press, appointed to a federal sinecure, and constituted a member of the Tweed Ring. As a matter of course, he married the supreme specimen of American womanhood—Adah Menken, the actress and poet, who was enshrined in verse by Swinburne and Rossetti, honored with attentions by Dickens and Mark Twain, made much of by Walt Whitman and Bret Harte, and taken as a mistress by the elder Dumas and Théophile Gautier. George Sand was the godmother of her child. Adah has a rightful place in history as the originator of the strip-tease act, according to Billy Rose, although the old photographs show her still mantled in silk and velvet clear up to the chin at the end of her sensational uncloaking scene in "Mazeppa."

It was the Heenan-Sayers fight, the biggest transatlantic event since the Battle of New Orleans, that gave the Benicia Boy the fame that lasted long enough to influence the life of Wilson Mizner. No other fighter has ever been so thoroughly wrapped up in the American flag as was the Benicia Boy. America had been claiming to be one of the Great Powers, and Heenan was important evidence in favor of the claim. The British had almost a monopoly of the prizering, and challenging the British champion was like challenging the British Navy. There was another reason for deep American anxiety over the showing the Benicia Boy would make. For more than a generation, British writers had reported America to be inhabited by a race of invalids. Some attributed American deterioration to tobacco-chewing and overheated houses; Dickens blamed it on our drab existence and our table manners, particularly the habit of bolting one's food in order to be sure of getting one's share; the London *Times* took a larger view of the problem and suggested that the decrepitude of America had been brought about by geographical and climatic factors. Americans denied that this continent was one vast infirmary. The Heenan-Sayers fight had the status of a medical examination of the United States, and

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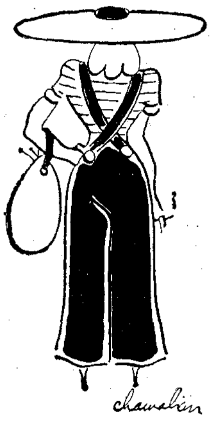
the patient naturally had a lively concern as to the outcome.

The battle took place in Farnborough, Hampshire, on April 17, 1860, in spite of determined efforts by the British police to stop it. The Benicia Boy complained that he had been "chased out of eight counties" in which he had sought to do his training. Sayers, disguised as an hostler, was smuggled to the arena in a dray for transporting horses. It was asserted that the Houses of Parliament were deserted for the fight, and historian R. J. Purcell states that Queen Victoria was reported to have commanded that tidings of the go be relayed to her forthwith. Heenan weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds. Sayers weighed only about a hundred and fifty, but he had knocked out many heavier men, including the Tipton Slasher. In the early rounds, Heenan scored knockdown after knockdown, but they were of minor importance, for it was the policy of Sayers to dive for the soft turf in order to avoid punishment. Sayers used his right elbow to ward off punches, and the tendons were so badly damaged by Heenan's bare knuckles that the Britisher's right arm was crippled by the sixth round. In the meantime, Heenan had so bruised his knuckles on Sayers' elbow and skull that his fists swelled up to twice their size, and he could land only puffball punches. The Benicia Boy was severely criticized afterward for having neglected to pickle his hands by steeping them properly in brine. At one point, the bobbies, or blues, broke into the ring and declared the fight at an end. The flashmen and the fancy, as British ring followers were called, wrung their hands in despair, but the American sports dragged the officers out of the ring and sat on them. Sayers' big weapon was a straight left. He almost completely closed both of his opponent's eyes, and the half-blinded Benicia Boy knocked out two of Sayers' seconds and several spectators by mistake. Heenan's chance came when he got Sayers' neck on the rope and was about to strangle him, but some Britishers treacherously pulled out a ring post, causing the rope to fall to the ground. The spectators swarmed in and out of the ring during the next few rounds, and finally the blues, with the aid of volunteers, stopped the battle in the thirty-seventh round. The referee, who had disappeared some time earlier, was eventually located, and he said, "It's a draw." Both sides denounced the decision and charged dirty work. The war of words went on for more than thirty years in magazine articles and memoirs. One eyewitness, Lord Redesdale, stated in his autobiography that the rough Yankee element had invaded the ring to save Heenan and the bets they had placed on him; another eyewitness, Frederick Locker-Lampson, the British poet, stated in his autobiography that the rough British element had invaded the ring to save Sayers and the bets they had placed on him.

The literary and pictorial treatment of the fight made it the greatest of ring classics. No other slugging match has ever had such an extensive bibliography. Byron and Moore, Hazlitt and Thackeray had already made pugilism a high theme for prose and rhyme, and the contemporary British writers were on their mettle. *Punch* had a long poem on the fight; the London *Times* described it in a three-column word painting; other accounts say that Dickens was chagrined because previous engagements prevented him from covering it personally, but he assigned his best men, who wrote an animated account of it for his magazine, *All the Year Round*. The memoir writers hacked away at the story for decades. Gifted artists turned out engravings of the fight that today are art treasures, eagerly sought after by collectors—spirited color prints not only of the gladiators but also of the aristocracy and gentry clustered about the ring in their silk hats and beautifully tended whiskers. The saloons and stores of Benicia became museums of Heenan-Sayers art, and the boys of the town learned how to hold their dukes from the stirring old prints. A grammar-school classmate of Wilson's, Veola Kirkman, has told how Wilson, when he was eleven or twelve, drove her in a yellow-wheeled surrey with rubber tires and a fringed parasol to see the shrine—the crumbling adobe house where the Benicia Boy had once lived. The spot is now marked by a tablet.



Benicia had another association with the prizering that stimulated Wilson's enthusiasm for boxing. In 1889, the home town was again put on the sporting map by the amphibious combat between James J. Corbett and Joe Choynski—the most picturesque land-and-sea action since the Texas cavalry captured

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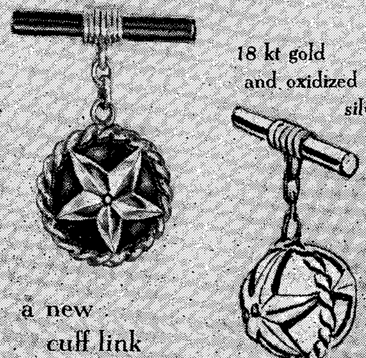

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the Mexican Navy in 1836. The Corbett-Choynski incident occurred practically in the bosom of the Mizner family. Jim Corbett, in his autobiography, "The Roar of the Crowd," wrote, "That night they put me on the train for the little country town called Benicia. From the station I was taken to the home of Wilson Mizner, the author of 'The Deep Purple' and other famous plays which later had long runs on Broadway." The Mizners were the great baronial family of Benicia. Elsie Robinson, who then lived in Benicia and wrote about it in her autobiography, "I Wanted Out!," asserts that the Mizners were the first people in California to have a modern indoor outhouse and that the red-letter event in Benicia social history was the brilliant function in honor of the improvement. The Mizner home was a social and sporting outpost of San Francisco, because it was practically in a duck marsh, near the quail and deer country, not far from a famous trotting-horse track, and in the vicinity of several important cockfighting arenas.

Prizefighting was still felonious and romantic in 1889. Corbett and Choynski were relentlessly pursued by posses before they were finally able to fight it out. Both men were products of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, a famous nursery of athletes. Corbett, who was then twenty-three, was later known as Gentleman Jim and Pompadour Jim, but in 1889 he was called the Professor, because he held the chair of boxing at the Olympic Club. The Professor was still an amateur in 1889, although he could make nearly any professional look ridiculous. His pupils reported that to box with him was to participate in a fight between the past and the future; their punches always landed at points that he had vacated long before, and his antagonists looked as silly as men running after a streetcar. The Professor was reputed to have ten fists and a disappearing head. He loved his beautiful art and put on a show as graceful as Nijinsky's or Mordkin's. Ancient motion pictures show him pirouetting, fluttering, toe-dancing, darting, dematerializing, and occasionally smothering his opponents with showers of punches shaken out of an invisible pepperbox. According to the highly authoritative W. O. McGeehan, Corbett at the top of his form was the best of all modern heavyweights—a verdict that doesn't include Joe Louis, who came after McGeehan's time.

Corbett was apparently somewhat spoiled by hero-worshippers. Joe Choynski once told Will Irwin that it was an

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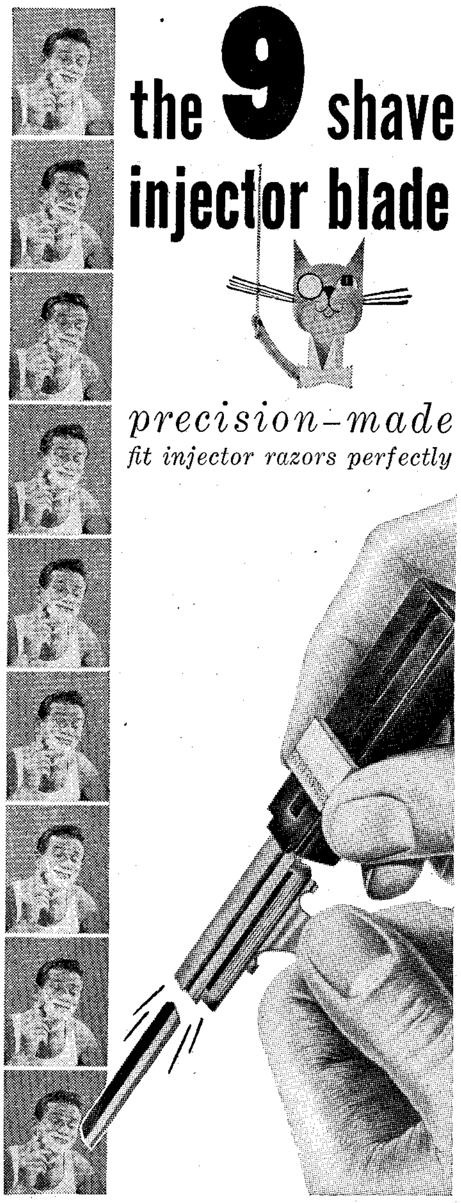

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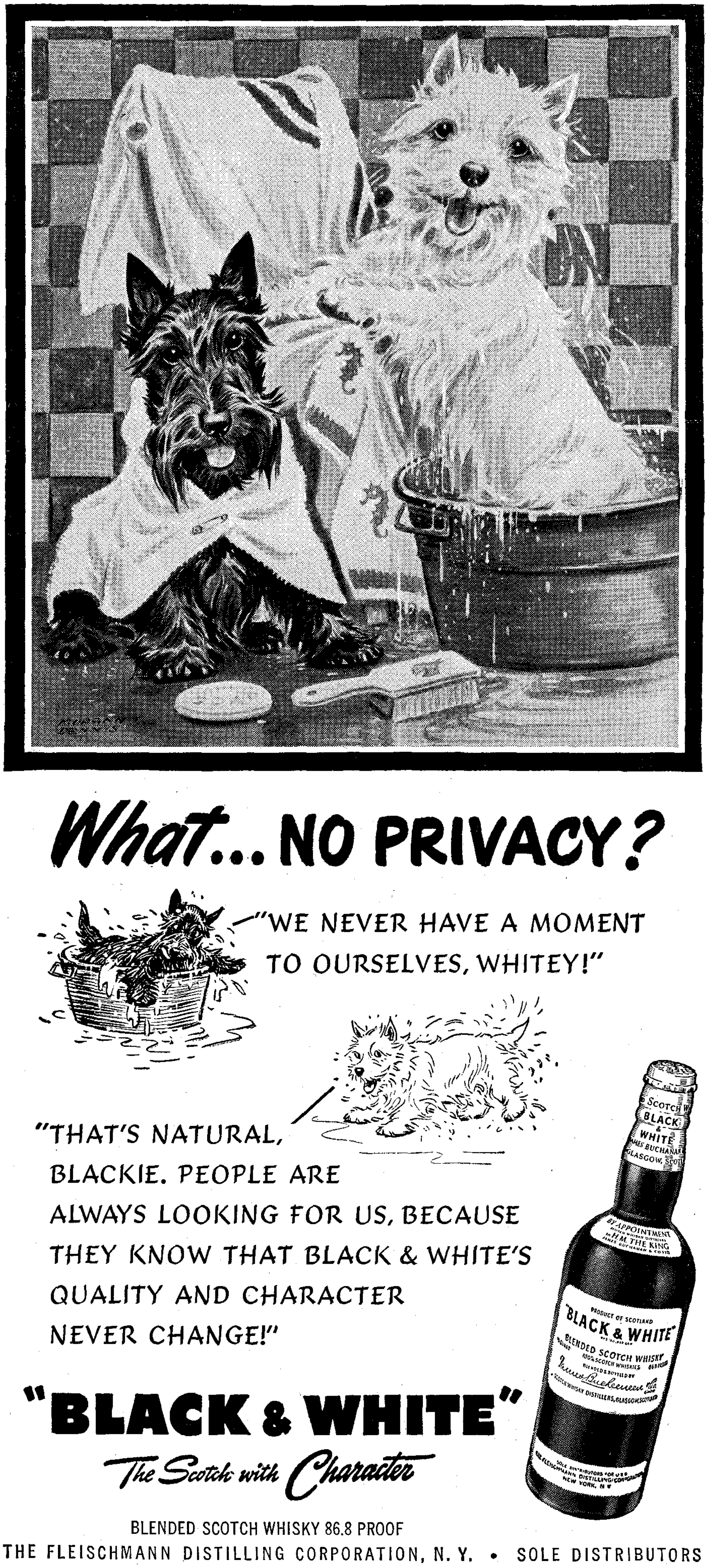
unwritten law of the Olympic Club that anybody who played handball, checkers, billiards, or any other game with the Professor had to lose to him in order to humor the young wizard. A faction grew up in the Olympic Club that regarded Corbett as too grand. This disgruntled element put forward a theory that Joe Choynski could lick Corbett any day of the week. Joe weighed only about a hundred and sixty pounds against Corbett's hundred and eighty, and Joe lacked science, but he was game and a slugger. Later in his career, he fought a twenty-round draw with Jeffries and knocked out Jack Johnson. The Choynski faction rained insults on the Professor. Corbett's father had forbidden his son to turn professional, but he eventually became incensed and ordered him to beat Choynski for the honor of the family. Nat Fleischer, biographer of Corbett, states that a purse of twenty thousand dollars was raised by the sports of San Francisco, gate receipts being out of the question, since the law would have regarded the sale of tickets as something like charging admission to a train robbery. The twenty thousand dollars had to be returned to the subscribers, because the plotters weren't able to figure out a way of outwitting the authorities and holding the fight in private. Finally, a plan was worked out, and another purse raised. Sworn to secrecy, a couple of hundred San Franciscans crossed the Golden Gate on the morning of May 30, 1889, and made their way to a barn near Fairfax, in Marin County. But the news had leaked out, the barn was packed with local boys, and it took an hour for the sports to throw out the yokels. Meanwhile, the dusty roads leading to Fairfax were filled with vehicles, from dogcarts to hay wagons. The sun was almost hidden by dust, and the sheriff knew that it meant either a prizefight or a volcano. He was in a difficult position. Public sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of the fight, but was likewise overwhelmingly in favor of removing any sheriff who permitted it. Following the traffic, the sheriff arrived during the sixth round and invaded the barn, where the spectators were hanging from the rafters and peering down a hay chute. At the cry of "The sheriff!," the stakeholders of side bets fled, California sheriffs being famous for the slogan "Confisticate the stakes and turn 'em loose." Corbett and Choynski switched from two-ounce to sixteen-ounce gloves and tried to convince the sheriff that they were holding Memorial Day exercises, but he threatened wholesale arrests and the broken-hearted sports made their way back to San Francisco.

Finding the fight impossible by land, the sports decided to hold it by sea. An enormous wheat barge was hired and secretly towed to an anchorage off Benicia. The location was chosen partly to cause jurisdictional confusion in the minds of sheriffs, as the barge lay near the boundary line between Solano and Contra Costa Counties. Two hundred oath-bound sports gathered at the San Francisco waterfront at 1 A.M. on June 5th and boarded the tugs Sea Queen and Richmond. It was planned to hold the fight at sunrise, in the hope of finishing it while the sheriffs were still in bed, but last-minute difficulties interfered with the schedule. Both tugs got stuck in the mud near Benicia, and the sports had to be transferred by rowboats. It was a dangerous scramble up the high sides of the barge. An extremely important politician named Phil Crimmins and a scarcely less important one named J. J. Kenny fell into the Bay and were nearly drowned. The deck of the barge was found to be full of cracks and splinters, and carpenters had to be called in to nail smooth boards over the arena. Paul Reveres began to carry the news along the shore, and the barge was soon surrounded by the whole sea power of Benicia—skiffs, rafts, scows, sailboats, and steam launches. The town boys tried to swarm up the sides of the barge. After all the trouble the San Francisco sports had had with the local plebeians at the Fairfax barn, they had come prepared to repel boarders. Wilson Mizner, according to some authorities, had the knuckles of one hand smashed with a boat hook as he tried to climb on the barge, and was forced to watch the fight from the rowboat in which he had arrived. The masts and yardarms of sailing ships at anchor near the barge were soon laden with fight fans. The event took place before the advent of the news camera, and the only picture that was printed on the day after the battle was a sort of child's drawing in the San Francisco *Chronicle* showing the barge with a two-story wheelhouse jammed to bursting with the ranking members of the hierarchy of sports, while the lesser ones stood on the deck. The two fighters were in the arena a little after 6 A.M. There was then a further delay; Choynski had forgotten to bring his gloves. A spectator furnished a pair of dogskin driving gloves, and after some argument these were accepted by both sides. Prizefighting was just emerging from its bare-knuckles stage, and the humane function of the glove was to protect the fist of the battler rather than the profile of his adversary. The bout finally got under way at about six-thirty. Corbett's eurythmic dancing and lightning jabs made Choynski look pathetic in the early rounds. But Corbett was too clever, too efficient. The wooden floor of the arena became slippery with Choynski gore, and the ballet-dancing Professor could no longer get a decent purchase on it with his toes. His greatness was in his toes; no other heavyweight ever approached Corbett in footwork. The Professor was now unable to time his steps with his usual precision, and in the fourteenth round a powerful Choynski left caught him in the eye and staggered him. Historian Fleischer records that Corbett's brother Harry burst into tears and thought all was lost. But Choynski was too weak from loss of blood to follow up his advantage. All Corbett needed was a rest, while Choynski needed transfusions. In the twenty-seventh round, Choynski went down and stayed down. "JOE JABBED TO DEATH" was the San Francisco *Examiner's* headline. Some of his sympathizers blamed his defeat on the middleweight champion, Jack Dempsey (the Nonpareil, not the Manassa Mauler). The Nonpareil, a marvellous ring craftsman, had been hired by wealthy backers of Choynski to tutor him in the higher branches of boxing, and it was charged that Dempsey had spoiled Choynski as a slugger without making him a sensitive artist.

THE Corbett-Choynski fight and the legend of the Benicia Boy were important influences in shaping the career of Wilson Mizner. The dream of his early life was to be a distinguished fighter or an illustrious sport. It was futile for his family to try to convince him that judges, senators, generals, and cotillion leaders were superior to leather-pushers and prizering followers. For generations, the Mizners and their in-



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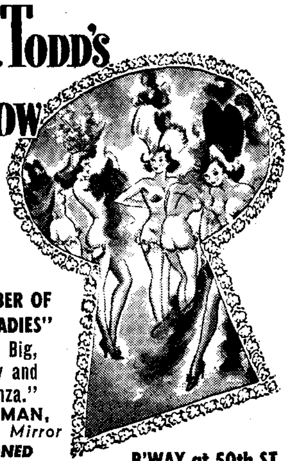
laws had abounded in important people. Wilson's full name was Wilson Reynolds Mizner, the Reynolds coming from his great-great-uncle Sir Joshua. Two of Wilson's uncles were generals in the Regular Army. Brother Edgar was named after Cousin Edgar Ames, a leading pork-packer and social potentate of St. Louis, who once lent his coach horses to the Prince of Wales. The family tree teemed with governors, senators, judges, and diplomats. Papa Mizner had been a Minister Plenipotentiary to Guatemala. Uncle Robert Semple had practically founded California with his bare hands. In view of Wilson's ancestry and his native brilliance, the Mizners expected big things of him, but one day they learned that he had run away in a red sweater and become the second of an obscure fighter named Kid Savage.

During a brake-beam tour of the Northwest in the Savage entourage, Wilson was stranded in the wide-open town of Spokane. For a time, he lived by his wits in the red-light district, where he was known as Little Willie, because, although only seventeen, he was already over six feet tall. He made his début on the professional stage as ringmaster of the Society Circus, at the roaring Louvre Café, but he was ruined by popularity, according to the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, which stated that his every appearance caused such an outburst of cheering, whistling, shouting, and stamping that it became necessary to fire him so that the show could proceed. He was in such reduced circumstances, the account went on, that he had to borrow paper and an envelope and a stamp to write home for money. Wilson was arrested for vagrancy, at one of the earliest ages that anybody ever achieved vagrancy, but he was released in the custody of a lawyer hired by telegraph by the Mizner family. Telling about the case some years later, when Wilson had become front-page news, the lawyer said that Little Willie had been arrested without much justification and that the arresting officer was notorious for his literal interpretation of the vagrancy law and proud of his record as a "vagger." It was true that Wilson had no visible means of support and that he was a favorite of the she-meteors of nocturnal Spokane, but the lawyer said the young fellow was not wholly to blame, since his good looks and charming ways caused women of all social levels to go crazy over him at sight.

The only way for Wilson to foil the police was to get a steady job. There happened to be a vacancy in Dr. Silas Slocum's Medicine Show, which was then holding a scientific seminar in Spokane, and one of the actors at the Louvre recommended Little Willie for the vacancy. "He learned to act with Daly's Stock Company in New York, and he can talk Latin," said the actor. "Let's hear him talk Latin," said Dr. Slocum. Wilson, who had lived in Guatemala during his father's plenipotentiary days, rattled off a string of Spanish oaths. "By God, he *can* talk Latin!" exclaimed Dr. Slocum, and he appointed Wilson professor of internal medicine and manager of the trained bear. Dr. Slocum had beautiful green, red, and yellow maps of the internal arrangements of the male and female anatomies. Standing on a platform, pounding the maps with a rattan stick, Wilson would describe how Dr. Slocum's medicine, in a grand steeplechase through the nerves, arteries, and vital organs, drove the devils of disease out of the human constitution. Whenever Mizner approached any part of the human geography that was considered to be in questionable taste, Dr. Slocum would ask him to express himself in the modest obscurity of a dead language, and Mizner would whack the embarrassing area with his rattan stick and swear frightfully in Spanish. Dr. Slocum outfitted his young colleague with a broad-brimmed felt hat, drilled him in "thee"s and "thy"s, and tried to make him a Quaker doctor, but he gave up the experiment because Wilson could never get the hang of radiating spiritual tranquillity.

In an interview in the New York *Press* of January 22, 1911, seventeen years after he had abandoned his practice, Mizner described Dr. Slocum's travelling medical center, which included a flea circus and Bianca the Beautiful, who did a fire dance with flaming, kerosene-soaked gauze while her husband, who had the pickpocket concession, played a portable organ under an iron umbrella. The interviewer tried to get a specimen of Mizner's medical eloquence but succeeded only in obtaining the following doubtful sample: "Do you experience a gnawing sensation after having abstained from food for several days? Do you feel an inclination to be tired after a walk of thirty miles? After a week or two of sleeplessness, do you suffer from falling eyelids? Are you conscious of a fluttering in the heart when passing millinery or delicatessen shops?" Lewis Wood, now of the Washington staff of the New York *Times*, who was a London correspondent when Mizner was director of Clifford Fischer's London



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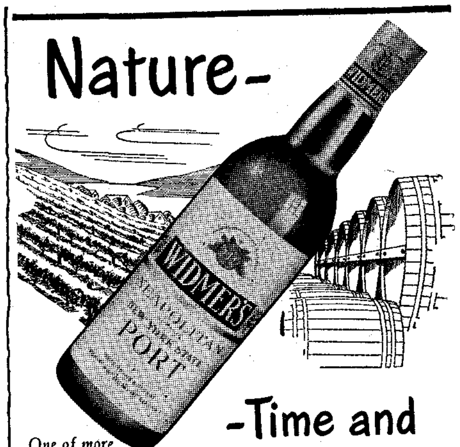
show "Come Over Here," in 1913, once heard Wilson describe his lecturing technique. The young professor started by showing glass jars containing historic tapeworms that had taken up residence in United States senators, heavyweight prizefighters, and revered theologians but had been dispossessed by dollar bottles of Dr. Slocum's Vermifuge. Now and then, Mizner would hold aloft a tremendous glass jar containing something that looked like a cross between the Loch Ness Monster and the Fabulous Dragon of Wantley, but he would put it aside without comment, in order to allow the suspense to rise. Finally, Bianca the Beautiful, a radiant little creature, would do her sensational arson dance. At the end, Mizner would again hold aloft the tremendous jar, and tell the tale of how this celebrated exhibit had once inhabited Bianca the Beautiful and had been summarily evicted by a single dollar bottle of Dr. Slocum's Vermifuge. Then the whole personnel of the medical academy would start selling the wonder-working remedy.

Mizner resigned from the medical fraternity after his activities had come to the attention of his uncle Eugene Semple, former Governor of Washington Territory. Semple telegraphed to the Mizner family, and they sent Addison into the Northwest to locate Wilson and bring him home. Addison found his younger brother managing Dr. Slocum's trained bear in sparring matches with dogs and gaining experience that was invaluable in his later career as manager of Kearns, Fitzsimmons, and Ketchel. The bear, chained to a stake in the middle of a small arena, was defeating all comers by slapping them over the ropes with right and left uppercuts. The story of the bear's last appearance under the management of Wilson has been widely circulated by Richard Barthelmess, Philip Boyer, Lytle Hull, Charles Speer, and dozens of others who had it from Addison. Their accounts differ in some details. The tale, however, was independently told by Wilson and Addison to Sam Morse, who was a friend of all six of the Mizner brothers. According to the Morse version, Wilson was comparatively rich from the bets he had won on the bear, but he agreed to go home with Addison after the bear had fought an important fight in a Montana town with a dog named Breen. Wilson said that Breen was being backed by a lot of sucker money and he wanted the chance to collect it. At the Montana town, the Breen following appeared so confident that Wilson became worried and demanded



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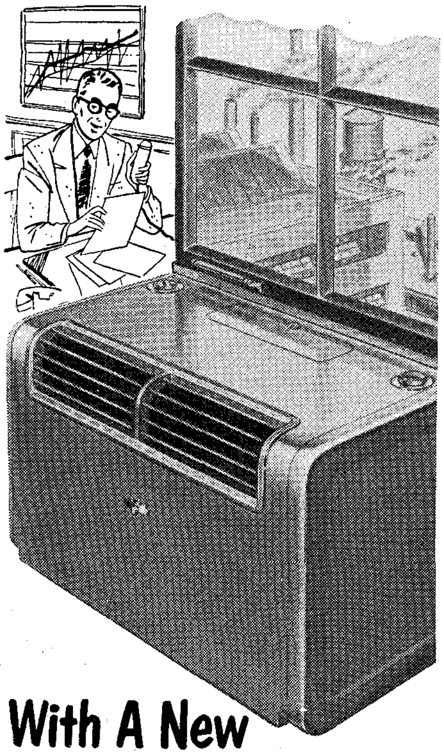

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a look at the challenger. He and Addison were led to a dark stable, where they dimly made out a big, terrifically snarling animal. "He's a tough-looking hound," Wilson whispered to Addison, "but he won't last a minute with my bear." Wilson and Addison bet their last nickel on their entry. The gong sounded. The challenger charged into the ring. The bear roared and assumed its fighting pose. Instead of closing in, the two contestants paused, sniffed, and looked each other over. Suddenly, they seized each other with woofs of affection. Breen turned out to be an attractive young she-bear, and the champion couldn't be induced to lift a paw to her save in the way of kindness. At the end of three minutes, the stakeholders, despite Wilson's and Addison's protests, handed over the money to the backers of Breen. The brothers were completely cleaned out, but Addison had two tickets to San Francisco, and they took the next train home.—ALVA JOHNSTON

(*The foregoing supplements a series of articles that appeared in this magazine some years ago.*)

•

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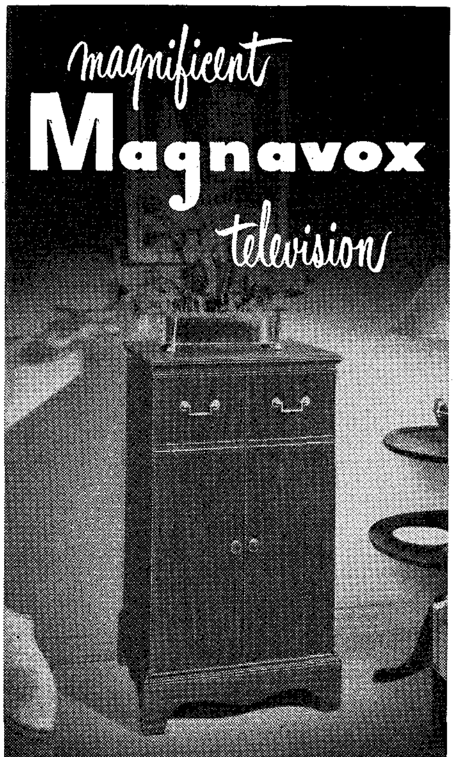
From Arizona Miss Bellamy goes to California to make a state wide tour. She spent many months in Washington, D.C. last year during the sessions of Congress and did much lobbying. She contacted more than 100 senators in her campaign.
—*Flagstaff (Ariz.) Sun.*

Somebody's doubling in brass down there.



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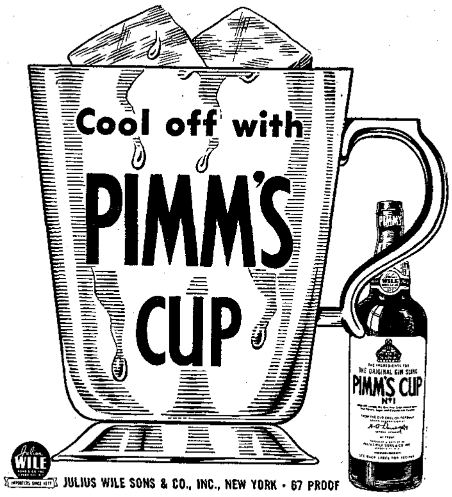

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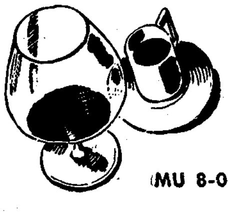

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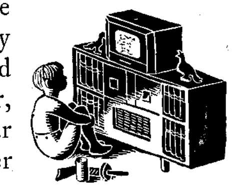
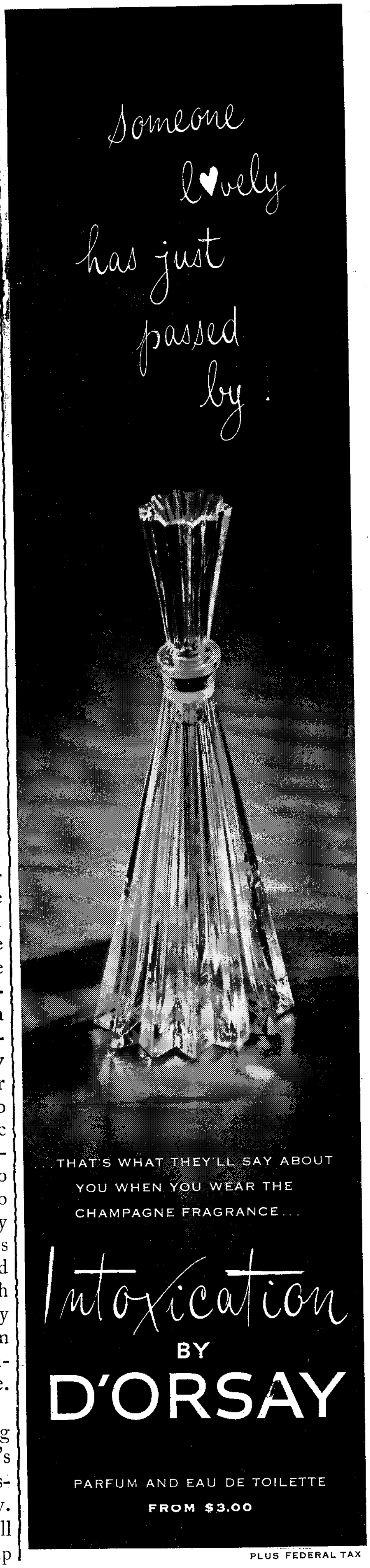


A VENTURE entitled the N.B.C. Cameo Theatre is making an honest attempt to break away from the tyranny of the proscenium arch and present television as theatre-in-the-round, and for that reason, if no other, it deserves attention. The chaps in charge of most television dramas appear unaware of the fact that television is peculiarly susceptible to experiment and that they have nothing to fear, excepting the sponsor, but fear itself. They seem to be under the impression that because they have become accustomed to sitting in theatres facing stages framed by prosceniums, and have observed actors from only one direction, the same ground rules should apply in television. Thus the average television drama is often a mere photographing of a stage show performed on a traditional set. There are certain major differences, of course, notably the substitution of screeching, soul-searing commercials for intermissions, and the compression of stories that would normally take several hours to unfold into a brief, exacting thirty or sixty minutes, with an attendant loss of characterization and general sanity. Now along comes the Cameo Theatre with the simple, rather obvious notion that it is possible to photograph television actors from many angles and that the audience can be taken anywhere the cameras wish to take it. A while ago, for example, I watched a Cameo Theatre presentation of "A Daughter to Think About," a play written for television by William Saroyan, and although the play as a play was one of those things that Saroyan probably should have shown to no one but himself, the production had several compelling features. For one thing, there was no scenery; the actors just stepped inside a circle drawn on the floor and began to speak their lines. For another, they spoke normally (or as normally as the Saroyan lines permitted), as though unaware of the presence of cameras or audience. Often we saw nothing but their backs. Other times, we saw closeups of their faces. Sometimes the cameras would focus on one character while another character was speaking. The director, Albert McCleery, overplayed his hand, I should say, by concentrating on severe closeups, which were often quite grotesque, and he did not achieve sufficient mobility with either his cameras or his actors, but I could not help feeling that the mere fact that he was trying something new outweighed his shortcomings in bringing it off.

Unfortunately, as I have suggested, Mr. Saroyan's play didn't make matters any easier. He was evidently attempting to convey the conflicting emotions and deep, almost unbearable feelings that come over a man and wife in that terrible moment when they decide to separate. What he had in mind, no doubt, was a drama that would be briefly but excruciatingly painful. Saroyan failed, I think, because he allowed his characters to become symbols rather than real people—and stilted symbols, at that—and he had them speak in a pretentiously monosyllabic manner, almost as though they were acting out some dismal parody of a Hemingway story. Though supposed to sound stark and lean, his characters actually were as bombastic and windy as the late William Jennings Bryan. Not content with presenting the symbol of a man and his wife, he also brought in the wife's parents—a dreary and equally monosyllabic pair—and the couple's three children, who, we were assured in a tense scene at the end, would be the true victims of the breakup.

The audience's travail was not lessened by the fanfare that preceded the presentation of the drama. A gentleman bearing an uncomfortable resemblance to Governor Dewey appeared on the screen, announced that "the tempestuous, talented, black-thatched Armenian Saroyan" had consented to write a television play, and then held up to view a smudgy manuscript of "A Daughter to Think About." He went on to say that the occasion was a historic one, gave a lengthy biography of Saroyan, and, all in all, did his best to create an expectancy of goodies to come that few writers could possibly measure up to. Considering the lines they had to speak, I thought that Tod Andrews, as the husband, and Ruth Ford, as the wife, did remarkably well—especially the former, who from time to time made an essentially implausible role quite strikingly believable.

MAYOR O'DWYER has an interesting new program, "At the Mayor's Desk," on WPIX every other Thursday evening from eight to eight-thirty. During it, he brings into his City Hall office, and flanks himself with, a group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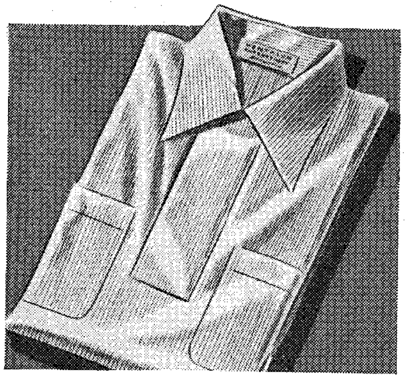

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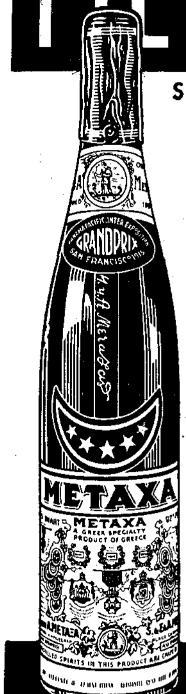

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BROOKLYN – NEW YORK

of municipal officials, who are supposed to talk informally about their problems and the problems of the city. I say "supposed" because I have had a hunch, watching these shows, that there is somewhat too much preparation for them and that the Mayor is perhaps keeping too firm a hand on the proceedings. There is a good deal of that warm, genial, almost amniotic atmosphere in which the Mayor and his associates seem to thrive, but there is something lurking behind the *Gemütlichkeit*. The Mayor himself is unquestionably the star of the show. Not only is he a fine figure of a man but he could give many television actors a lesson or two in how to behave in front of the cameras. I suppose he is just a natural actor, since there is nothing on the record that points to any professional training. He has a habit of filling his pipe slowly and forcefully, lighting it with solemn, statesmanlike deliberation, drawing in deeply and thoughtfully, and then exhaling a dignified cloud of smoke that is one of the best things I have seen on television. The topics on the programs so far have been water-pollution control, the city's extensive juvenile-aid programs, and hospitals, and an assortment of commissioners and directors of city bureaus have been on hand to explain their jobs. By the end of the half-hour periods, a substantial amount of valuable information has been put before the public, even though some of the commissioners and directors (but definitely not Mark A. McCloskey, Director of Community Education in the Board of Education, and as good an actor, any day, as the Mayor) sounded as if they had spent the day memorizing their lines.—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Sincere thanks to my neighbors for help and acts of kindness, to my many friends and relatives who remembered me with cards, letters and visits since breaking my ankle.—*Adv. in the Davis County (Iowa) Republican.*

It's the least they could do.

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*Sheila Graham in the Washington Star*]

One of the worst bits of publicity timing in the annals of Hollywood planting was that engineered by MGM studio when Lana Turner's forthcoming blessed event was announced. Virtually all the correspondents were in Las Vegas at the time attending Paramount's world premiere of "My Friend Irma Goes West." And, on top of that, papers throughout the country were eating up great hunks of space on the launching of Korean activities.

24-Glass Week-End Pack

A convenient way to buy a complete assortment of necessary glasses for the week-end trip or for your summer home in the country or at the shore. Nice utility glasses with a star cut decoration. Pack consists of 6 hiballs, 6 old fashioneds, 6 cocktails and 6 whiskies. Packed securely, but with no fancy trimmings—the value's all in the contents. A splendid hostess gift—she won't mind the casual packing either. Multiply your saving by buying more than one pack. Pack of 24 pieces, as above, $10.00.

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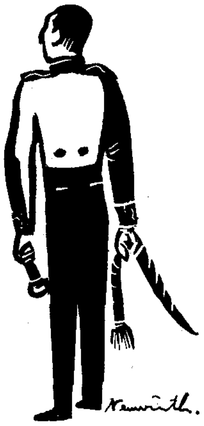
FRENCH CUISINE NEW ORLEANS

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Casualties



STANLEY KRAMER, who produced "Home of the Brave," a fairly acute melodrama about racial conflict in the Army, has come up with another good film in "The Men," which describes the hard lot of paraplegic veterans. Paralyzed from the waist down, dependent chiefly on wheelchairs for locomotion, these victims of war have small hope of posterity and a slim chance of recovery. In explaining their plight, Mr. Kramer has used the Birmingham Veterans Administration Hospital, in California, as his setting and has augmented a complement of professional actors with forty-five residents of that institution. The picture goes thoroughly into medical details and, for the most part, is conscientious in facing up to pessimistic facts. The fictional framework of the piece isn't very long on originality. In the person of Marlon Brando we have a hero who, after becoming a paraplegic in the Second World War, refuses to adjust to his situation. He breaks off with his girl, is uncoöperative with his doctor, and becomes sulky when his fellow-patients try to spoof him out of his brooding. Eventually, of course, he comes around, and by the end of the picture he seems destined to be about as happy as anybody could be who suffers from so grievous a disability. However slight this plot may appear in outline, it serves well enough for a film that acquires most of its substance from a straight documentary approach to the problem of making life tolerable for the paraplegics.

I don't suppose anyone could improve on Mr. Brando's performance in "The Men." Even as a handicapped veteran, he seems so authentically overpowering physically that he makes most standard Hollywood heroes look like flyweights, and he certainly succeeds in convincing one of the tragic immobility of his legs. In the role of a prominent doctor, Everett Sloane serves as a kind of medical lecturer on the subject of spinal injuries, and Teresa Wright, playing the girl in the case, demonstrates, without too much stickiness, that no obstacle can keep a lady in love from joining up with her man. As written by Carl Foreman and directed by Fred Zinnemann, "The Men" stays pretty close to reality, only occasionally betraying signs of the overwrought mood that movies tend to fall into when they're being Significant. All in all, this is one you probably ought to see.

HIS guns still smoking from his recent appearance in "Winchester '73," James Stewart is loose in the Old West once again in "Broken Arrow." This time, Mr. Stewart is busy trying to get the whites and redskins in Arizona to stop fighting. The redskins in question are Apaches, and it is Mr. Stewart's conviction that they haven't been given a fair shake. After learning how to talk Apache and communicate by means of smoke and a blanket, he looks up a chief called Cochise (Jeff Chandler), and in no time at all has persuaded the head redman to let U.S.-mail riders charge over the landscape without molestation. He has also become clubby with an Indian maiden named Sonseeahray (Debra Paget). The lady happens to be betrothed to an Apache, and Mr. Stewart almost loses his scalp to this brave. However, he comes through that contretemps O.K., and several others as well, and when it's all over, he and Cochise have established peace in Arizona. The only threatened pinprick in this bland bubble is the fact that Geronimo, one of Cochise's boys, is determined to stay on the warpath. Maybe Mr. Stewart will get him next time out. I rather hope there will be a next time, since pictures like this provide a pleasant enough way to waste a couple of summer hours.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THIS IS WAR

[*Release received by the Army & Navy Journal*]

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
OFFICE OF THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL
WASHINGTON 25 D C
11 July 1950

ATTENTION EDITORS:

Re. Department of the Army, Office of The Quartermaster General, release titled "Army Technicians and Industry Leaders to Discuss Deep Fat Frying Equipment," mailed to you on 30 June 1950.

Because of more pressing subjects imposed by the international situation, the conference between the deep-fat fryer manufacturing industry and Army Quartermaster Corps technicians, scheduled for Washington, D. C., on 25-26 July 1950, has been indefinitely postponed.

DON CRAIG
Chief, Office of Technical Information
Office of the Quartermaster General

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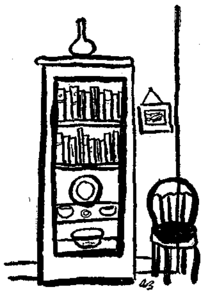
TWEED fragrance in a little glacier of your own!

There's snowy coolness all about when you smooth this Icicle of fragrance over your skin...and above all the ever-new freshness of that classic fragrance, "TWEED" $\$2^{00}$ (plus tax)

Lenthéric

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



If you have seen the exhibition house designed by Gregory Ain that the Museum of Modern Art, in collaboration with the *Woman's Home Companion*, recently set up in the Museum's back yard, and if you also visited the Museum's little flyer with Marcel Breuer into the field of domestic architecture last year, you may agree with me that the furnishings of the current structure are a great improvement over what was done *chez* Breuer. A number of the decorations in the Ain house seemed to me to be so pleasantly unpretentious and so practical that I thought it worth while to investigate them rather more thoroughly than one can at the exhibition.

Nobody who has coped with the problem of getting good-looking inexpensive window shades can fail, I should think, to be struck by the use to which that familiar old standby, the Oriental bamboo blind, has been put in the exhibition house. In the nursery—and a nursery is a room where shades that are unobtrusive, cheerful, and easy to clean are as urgently needed as they are rarely found—a split-bamboo shade has been turned on its side, so that the narrow slats run vertically. The shade is hung on a curtain track and, by means of a traverse, can be gathered inconspicuously in neat folds at one side of the window. It's surprising how much better this up-and-down arrangement is than the usual horizontal slats (these are used for smaller windows, in the kitchen), with their cumbersome pull cords and their unfortunate tendency to hang crooked. Indeed, for summer living, the vertically hung shades, functioning so smoothly on their tracks, would do a lot for almost any modestly decorated room. Arundell Clarke, of 31½ East 65th Street, who furnished all the fabrics for the Ain house, sells these blinds, through decorators, at forty-two cents a square foot; there are additional charges of $1.65 a blind for cutting them to size, and sixty cents a running foot for sewing in the tape by which they are hooked to the track. You'll have to provide the track itself; in the Ain house, it's built in.

Fetching as these blinds are, they are by no means among the more serious window treatments in the house, and I should perhaps have begun this tour of inspection by calling your attention to the long sweep of the deep-yellow-and-white full-length draperies that curtain the windows that form the unbroken exterior wall of the living room and the parents' bedroom. I know of no one in his field with a sounder feeling for the right fabric than Mr. Clarke, and for these curtains, which the Museum decorators have hung double, without sewing them together—a trick that is far more effective than mere lined curtains—he has chosen a material that has a certain distinction without any appearance of a labored effort for something dramatic, which would be out of place in this eminently *un*dramatic little house. The fabric is a heavy Osnaburg—a coarse cotton, informal enough to harmonize with the simple metal tables and chairs of the living room and yet endowed with sufficient character and style to minimize the bungalow-cottage feeling that shows itself occasionally through all the sleek modern doings. The design, which is called Street Scene and might imaginably suggest irregularly laid paving stones, proves singularly soothing, as well as decorative, for large-scale use. In the yellow-on-white in which Street Scene appears in the exhibition house, it costs $4.20 a yard (fifty inches wide); in any other color on white, it is $6.

Other Clarke fabrics that have been used with much success in this house are a heavy navy-blue nylon, with which the living-room sofa is upholstered; silk shantung, in such colors as yellow, brilliant green, soft red, and faded blue, which covers a number of sofa cushions and contrasts delightfully with the nylon, both in texture and in color; and goat's-hair cloth, a material that, when singed, is used to line men's suits, and in this instance, unsinged and dyed a bright coral for the children's beds and yellow for the master's room, provides very striking bedspreads. The nylon material is $8.10 a yard (forty inches wide), the Honan silk, which is the decorators' current fancy name for shantung, is $6.30 a yard (thirty-three

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Glamour-go-round
with ILKA CHASE

Starring for HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

FOOTLOOSE DEPT. I doubt if there's a lady in the land who doesn't suffer from overworked feet at one time or another. So here's a recipe-in-relief you ought to try. (It comes from pretty, witty **Liza Palmer,** who song-and-dance-teams with her spouse.) Fill an everyday pop bottle with warm water and cork. Place bottle on floor and roll back and forth with each foot till tension eases. Then splash on a dash of cool cologne and you're ready for a rhumba or six.

Ilka Chase

EXTRA, EXTRA. Here's an added attraction that should give you a mighty pleasant reaction! That bright, "flight-of-fancy" Golden Chance Cologne—complete with special gift atomizer is yours for just $1.50, plus tax. (Usually a $2.50 value.) It's the **Harriet Hubbard Ayer** way of making you smell simply sublime, save a pretty penny at the same time. Not a bad idea to buy several bottles. They make such superb "thank-you" presents.

HANDY GADGET. Brand-new brainstorm for drying your hair after a shampoo or swim: Thirsty terrycloth mitts that drink up moisture like magic. You can buy them for next to nothing, or make them yourself out of old toweling. Just trace two hands on a double-thickness of terrycloth, cut out and stitch up. Practical and easy as 1-2-3.

FAIR WEATHER FORMULA. Summer skin need be no problem. Not if you use Luxuria Cleansing Cream by **Harriet Hubbard Ayer.** Now there's a cream that has everything. Rich oils for gentle, but extra-thorough cleansing—plus the "body" you need to keep dried-out, sun-roughened skin soft, and wonderfully smooth. Use Luxuria faithfully and you'll spare your complexion from the harsh effects of the elements. You can't make a better beauty investment for $1.00, plus tax. Try it today.

NOT SO HARD TO FIGURE.

Easy way to get slim without sighs,
Just cut out salt and fancy pies.

Try a saltless diet for 10 days—*and* substitute skim milk for those double-rich desserts. Perfectly painless way of discarding a few pounds in a hurry.

See you,

(*Advertisement*)

inches wide), and the goat's-hair cloth is $5.40 a yard (sixty-six inches wide). All these materials are dyed to order, and, like everything else at this shop, are sold only through decorators.

The sofa in the living room was designed by Van Keppel-Green and is a piece that might well be chosen by any householder who is confronted with the problem of creating an illusion of space in small quarters. The black metal frame, very little of which shows, is guiltless of the slightest curlicue or even of eccentric angularities likely to draw undue attention to themselves, and the well-tailored upholstery, fitted trimly over a deep foam-rubber mattress and bolster, is so unostentatiously right that it might, at first glance, be overlooked—the final proof of its rightness. The sofa has, moreover, the practical advantage of being constructed so that it can readily be converted into a chaise longue. Without benefit of Mr. Clarke's fabrics, but covered in a natural-colored linen-and-jute material, it costs $250.50, at New Design, 33 East 75th Street.

ONE thing that constitutes a considerable improvement in the furnishing of this year's house over that of Mr. Breuer's is that Mr. Ain's tenants aren't expected to spend their evenings looking at television. Unlike Mr. Breuer's people, who, you may remember, had no possible escape from a set that dominated the living room, the present inhabitants haven't acquired even a table model. This absence of TV equipment has led someone—presumably the Museum—to the reasonable assumption that the family reads. They don't, it is true, read much, if one is to judge by the fact that the only bookshelf in the place, outside the nursery, is a built-in one above the living-room sofa; nevertheless, they obviously must have something to read by. In this matter, I think, the children come off better than their elders. The playroom has two suspension lights, designed by Richard Kelly, which are hung from the ceiling on reels and can be pulled to within a foot or so of the floor, a great help for those who like to do their reading sprawled on the rug. These lights seem to me to be just about the perfect illumination for a child's room. The shades are wide, shallow cones of Fiberglas, which give the light a good spread. A stirrup-shaped handle on the underside of each light makes its raising and lowering a simple thing even for a small child, since it usually hangs at a level that he can reach. Not only is this a splendid light for special nursery-floor activities but, raised to ordinary chandelier height, it gives a satisfactory general illumination, and, pulled well down below eye level, it would be a blessing for a mother who must be up with a child at night. The same appliance makes a first-rate lamp over the dining table, and it appears again, not nearly so advantageously, over the parents' bed, hung—rather oddly, I must say—so that it seems to be intended to illuminate the right-hand sleeper's knees. On the whole, though, it is both an extremely useful and a handsome light. It is just coming into production and has not yet reached the retailers, but Mr. Kelly, whose studio is at 110 West 40th Street, will direct you to the shops that are to sell it. The price will be $75 with a paper shade and $89 with the Fiberglas shade.

The only other lamp in the house, which depends to some extent upon concealed lighting, is a slender floor model, designed by David Wurster and made of a single jointed rod of black metal. This has been around quite a while—it costs $29.50, at Otto Gumpert, 632 Lexington Avenue (54th)—but you probably won't find a more serviceable reading lamp, and you certainly won't find one that clutters the landscape any less. It is poised in the living room beside the well-known and marvellously comfortable Saarinen chair, which seems an unfair arrangement, since the chair's occupant thus takes possession of both the only good reading light and the only easy chair in the room. A neat array of *Woman's Home Companions* and other feminine periodicals, spread out on the living-room table—a nice iron-and-glass piece that apparently must also serve as a desk, if these people ever write—is lighted, not very adequately, by a concealed fluorescent strip above the sofa.

AND this brings us, I guess, to a consideration of the exhibition's chairs, two of which have been chosen from among the prize-winners in the Museum's recent international competition for low-cost furniture. The chairs entered in the competition were recently on view in one of the Museum's galleries, and if you saw the other prize-winners and the non-prize-winners, some of which were so freakish that they might have influenced sensitive sitters to take to standing, you will probably concede that the pieces picked for the exhibition house were among the better entries. Unquestionably, the dining-room chairs, designed by Donald Knorr, admirably fulfill the purpose for which the furnishings have professedly been chosen—to prevent an appearance of crowding in a very limited space. The dining area is a small one, almost entirely filled by an iron-and-glass dining table and four chairs, and yet, owing largely to the structure of the chairs (the light table does its part, too), there seems to be a generous amount of space. The seat and back of each chair is made of one piece of sheet metal, with the back rising to just below the level of the table. This not only allows the diner a restful support at the base of the spine but makes the chairs as nearly invisible as such comfortable ones could be. The same chair reappears—with less reason, I think—in the children's room, and again, with a slip-on pad of foam rubber covered in an interesting cotton print, by the living-room table. Here it would make an excellent desk chair, which is another reason for getting some writing materials and a better light onto that table. The chairs are to be had, without upholstery, for $27.60 each, at Sachs Quality Stores; with the fabric-covered foam-rubber padding, they cost $58.50.

Another prize-winner, an armchair designed by Charles Eames and constructed of glass fibre and plastic molded into a sort of form-fitting shell with a metal-rod base, is the only seat of any kind in the parents' bedroom. It is exceptionally comfortable and not unpleasing to look at, but I'm afraid it hasn't enough life to brighten up the rather glum apartment in which it finds itself. If anybody wants to experiment with it in less chilly isolation, it also is at Sachs; $29.95.

CHILDREN almost inevitably seem to bring out the worst in a decorator's nature—the most self-conscious, if not the downright phony—so the absence of any such bogus quality in the nursery of the model house should be an occasion for congratulation. I have already spoken of the window blinds and the fine suspension lamps in this room, but, even more than these, what gives the children's room its cheerful livableness is the furniture; that is to say, it was planned not only with intelligence, which might have resulted in something bleakly efficient, but with affection and taste. One of the furnishings that add greatly to the looks of the room is a series of endlessly useful storage cabinets, designed by Charles Eames, that consist of deep shelves behind sliding plastic-and-plywood

(Advertisement)

THE

Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune

COLUMN

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

AUTO MAKERS HAVE GONE about as far as they can go for the time being, said K. T. Keller, president of the Chrysler Corp., in Minneapolis the other night. There'll be no startling changes in the styling of car bodies for the next five years. There may be more luggage space, more hard top non-convertible convertibles and maybe one with a glare-proof plastic top before long. The present low body and its steadily increasing glass area are here for a long time . . . If you take out those special life insurance policies at airports through vending machines, be sure to mail your copy to your beneficiary before you board the plane. If you put it in your purse or in your billfold, it could be lost with you if anything happens . . . Colored yarn shirts for men are due back by autumn. Striped shirts are expected to become more popular, too.

* * *

THE SUPERMARKET OF 1975, says a Harvard prof, will be one big collection of slot machines. The insertion of a coin, he thinks, will produce virtually every item in the store from a banana to a package of pancake mix. Salespeople will be advisers or hostesses and the stores will remain open 24 hours a day . . . Isn't nature grand? Twelve days before giving birth to her offspring, the mother ferret loses her hair; the shedded hair is then used by her to line softly the nest for her babies . . . Keep the fleas from hiding in your pup's ears at bath time by foaming up a thick lather and making a sort of collar of it around the dog's neck. Fleas won't penetrate it nor can they go around it.

* * *

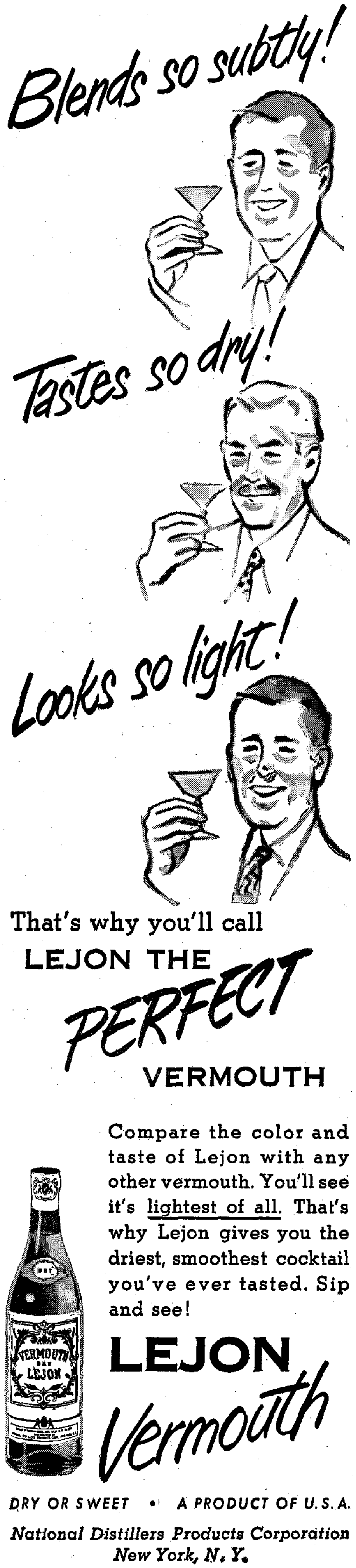
REMEMBER WHEN YOUNGSTERS, accompanying the folks out to dinner, used to be offered a Shirley Temple cocktail, a perfectly harmless fabrication? That has now been replaced by the Hopalong Cassidy old-fashioned, no less, equally harmless and similarly grown-up-looking. From Shirley to Billy Boyd seems quite a switch in tastes, doesn't it? . . . Look what's coming for us working stiffs: A nosy gadget known as an "alertness detector" has been developed. By measuring the electronic voltage of the brain, it can tell whether the mind is concentrating on the work at hand or is just loafing along . . . All FBI men when they leave home to go to the movies, church, grocery store or even on a picnic must notify their main office where they can be reached. And their overtime work is done without extra compensation.

* * *

ALL OF US HAVE CERTAINLY been looking to the Far East for news these days, haven't we? One of the first stateside newsmen to fly to Japan when Korean war broke out was George Grim, the Minneapolis Tribune's globe-trotting staffer. Accredited as a correspondent with MacArthur's forces, Grim is cabling back on-the-spot reports of the Far East crisis for Upper Midwest readers. This kind of worldwide, first-hand coverage by staff writers further accounts for the reputation for expert reporting that has made the MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the MINNEAPOLIS SUNDAY TRIBUNE (circulation: more than 600,000) the best-read, most respected newspapers in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and western Wisconsin.

* * *

THE NEXT TIME you're booked for a permanent, have a thought for Louis IX, king of France. He is considered the patron saint of hairdressers, which it seems should cover the situation. St. Cyprian, incidentally, is the patron of magicians. If you're a plasterer, St. Bartholomew is your patron saint. And for whom it may fit, St. Rita is the saint of impossible causes . . . Have a nice lacustrine week-end? Or are you a permanent lacustrian? "Lacustrine," you may be tickled to learn, means "of or pertaining to a lake," as "oceanic" is related to "ocean." "Lacustrian" is a lake dweller.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panels set on a metal frame. The enclosed shelves make perfect receptacles for all the paraphernalia of a child's changing interests, and a couple are left open for favorite books. The units, in various sizes and with various fittings, are sold at Bloomingdale; prices begin at $59.95.

HAVING done with the more prominent furnishings, I should feel at fault if I didn't draw your attention to the coffee set of plain white Arzberg porcelain arranged on the built-in counter between the living room and the dining area. This exquisite china, which is very fragile, of a warm, rather than a dead, white, and made in shapes of lovely simplicity, is surprisingly inexpensive, and, I think, especially becoming to a modern room. The service on view at the Museum's house, charming as it is, gives little idea of the graceful plates, soup bowls, and platters that are available in the same design. Pascoe, at 10 West 55th Street, has a full line of the ware. Prices—and this is real porcelain, if you please—are $1.80 for a ten-and-a-quarter-inch dinner plate with a slightly upcurving rim, $1.10 for a soup plate (perhaps the prettiest of all the pieces), $1.95 for a teacup and a saucer, and $3.25 for the coffeepot you see at the model house. —S. H.

•

Five newspaper women and one employed in radio were special guests of the club. They were Rebecca F. Gross, editor of the Lock Haven Express, Lock Haven, Pa.; Edith C. Johnson, editorial calumnist with the Daily Oklahoman . . . —*The Times.*

Stop right there!

•

"I have a baby almost a year old, and he is what you might call stubborn. We have tried breaking him of getting into things by spanking and slapping his hands. But he goes right back. I have tried biting him but I was absolutely wrong as now he is biting us. What would you suggest?" —*Letter in the Post.*

Kick him and run like hell.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Press release from the American Chemical Society*]

RICHLAND, WASH., June 10.—Nature makes as many as a billion billion mistakes per cubic centimeter in constructing solids—and that is why we have television, photography, and fluorescent lighting, an Oregon chemist told the American Chemical Society's Pacific Northwest Regional Meeting today.

Jensen's for fine crystal stemware

This "Marble" design adds beauty to any table setting, any period of decor. A welcome wedding gift.

Water goblet, sherbet, wine, cocktail. Doz., 18.

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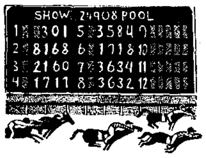
Write:
Rogers Peet, 5th Ave. at 41st St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE RACE TRACK

Question of Weight



THOUGH I be hanged in effigy for not knowing a good horse when I see one, I must come right out and say that the King Ranch's Black Douglas doesn't look like a wonder colt to me. The afternoon he set a world's record of 0:50⅖ for four and a half furlongs over the straight course at Belmont Park, I was in Toronto for the King's Plate, but I did see him in the East View Stakes at Jamaica last week. It would be unfair to condemn him on his disappointing showing in that race—he finished sixth—because the track was muddy and he is a son of Bimelech, and Bimelech's progeny do not run well in mud. No doubt Black Douglas will go like the wind at Saratoga, provided the track is fast. He may even win the Futurity at Belmont in the autumn. (After all, Guillotine, who is also by Bimelech, won it last year.) Nevertheless, Black Douglas hasn't the conformation of a top horse. He's too leggy and light-bodied, and his neck isn't the best you ever saw. Altogether, he doesn't look a bit like his full brother, Better Self, who was a handsome two-year-old. It is possible, of course, that he may grow and fill out in the right places, and I hope he does, because we need all the good horses we can get.

THERE was even greater disappointment in the East View for Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, for though her Win or Lose finished first, he wasn't allowed to keep the purse of $36,350. It was a lively contest, with Win or Lose disposing of Northern Star and Battlefield, and holding on well to beat Nullify by half a length. Iliad was third. Then, two days later, following a protest by Jack Lawrence, trainer and co-owner of Nullify, Win or Lose was disqualified for having carried incorrect weight. It seems that he should have carried a hundred and twenty-two pounds instead of the hundred and seventeen he did carry. You see, one of the conditions of the East View is that "the produce of mares or stallions which have not produced a winner to date of closing [of the race] are allowed three pounds; if both, five pounds." Well, both War Jeep, the sire of Win or Lose, and Unmasked, his dam, had winners to their credit last year, but when the colt was entered in the race, a five-pound allowance was claimed.

The disqualification came too late to affect the payoff. Holders of tickets on Win or Lose got $39 in the two-dollar mutuels, but those who backed Nullify to win—at, curiously, 39–1—won't get paid. I daresay some disgruntled horseplayers will sue.

What happened in the East View might easily have happened in the Futurity of 1923. Shortly before the horses were saddled that afternoon, Jack Joyner, who trained St. James for George Widener, looked up Max Hirsch, who trained Fluvanna for the Salubria Stable, and said, "Your filly isn't in at the correct weight. Somebody has claimed a five-pound allowance for her and she isn't entitled to it. You'd better do something about it, because if she wins, and I think she has a good chance to, I'll have to lodge a protest." Hirsch fussed a bit but made the necessary correction. Well, as you probably don't remember, St. James, who carried a hundred and thirty pounds, won the Futurity by less than a length, and Fluvanna, who carried a hundred and twenty-two, instead of a hundred and seventeen, was second.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

EN REPOS, 1917

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François-Premier.
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell like summer showers
When the dust is drenched away.
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François-Premier,
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay,
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

—ROBERT HILLYER

•

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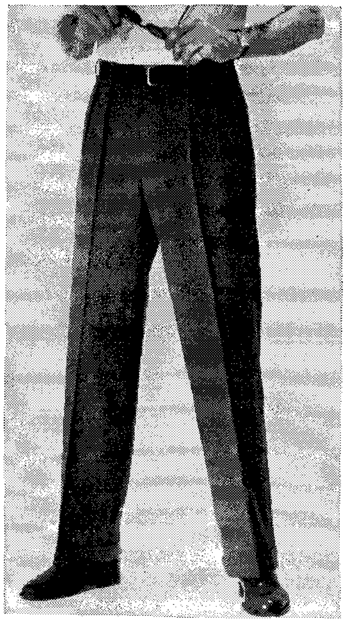

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A BROOKLYN MIRACLE

THIRTEEN years ago this month, all of this came about. By then, Father Finnerty had been in the parish a good thirty years, having started there as a young man, when Mass was held in a little stucco hall. At the time of the miracle, he had built a new church that was one of the biggest and finest plants in all Brooklyn.

From the very beginning, he got along with his parishioners. He took a vigorous part in family affairs, and there was many a husband and father who had heard his "She's a fine little woman, Tim, and if you do it again, I'll give you a taste of my hand." Before he entered the priesthood, Father Finnerty had been weight-lifting champion out at the old Celtic Park, near Sunnyside, so of course not a man of them dared stand up to him.

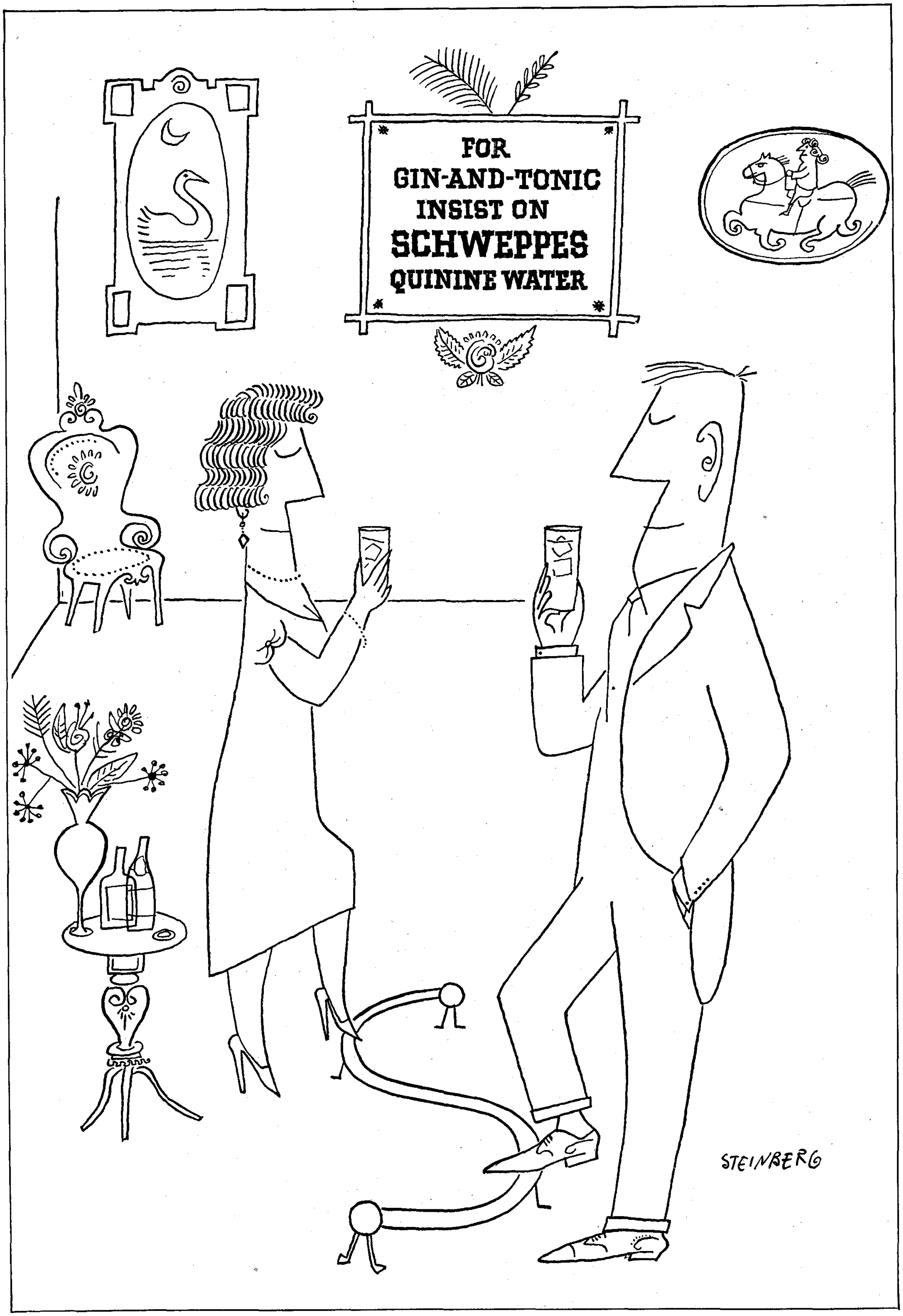
For all his size, he was a gentle man, and at first the shy-eyed women of the parish liked to romance about him. There had been some talk of his having entered the priesthood because his fiancée had high-tailed it off with another, but then there are always those who will put up their noses and pretend they can read a man's most secret thoughts. Others said there wasn't a word of truth in the story; he was born to the Church, as any fool could see. He was a blessed man, he was—no one could take that away from him.

He was greatly in demand for his comfort at the beds of the sick, because he had a way with him, and for weddings his fund of stories was as wide as it was jolly. Oh, he was an understanding kind of a man, too! For with never a hint given, he understood a family's need of some cash at Christmas as well as the regular Christmas baskets. And then there was his consideration for Lizzie Leach, who worked in the rectory; every year he saw to it that she had a ticket for the Postmen's Ball, so she'd have her chance to catch a husband along with the rest of the girls. That was the kind of a man *he* was. Anyone else would think first, foremost, and forever of the devil of a time he'd have getting another housekeeper if Lizzie did find someone to marry. He was a very diligent man, too. "Like a good woman, I'll have to give an account of my householding someday and I don't want to be found wantin'," he would say to the tradesmen as he checked every last item on the bills they brought to the rectory.

WHEN the time came, back there in the thirties, for the building of the new church, Father Finnerty saw to all the details himself. "The Book says, 'My church shall be built on a rock,' " he told the contractor, and he watched the men pour the concrete foundation to be sure it was sound. When the church was finished, down to the last piece of colored glass, wasn't he the proud man then! He would often conduct visitors around the basement, show them the oil-burner, and tell them of his plans for an air-conditioning system someday. But his greatest treasure was the shiny coin-counting machine in the vestry upstairs. "There it is," he would say to visitors with a great deal of satisfaction whenever he displayed it to them, "the last word in the service of the Lord." He liked to demonstrate for them how the coins in the collection baskets were dumped into a chute at the top, and how, with the pull of a lever, the machine would do all the rest, sorting coins and totalling the amount, which registered on a meter at one side, and letting them slide down into separate compartments in a locked concrete vault in the basement.

Usually, on Saturday afternoons, while two priests, his assistants, were inside the church to hear confession, Father Finnerty would first station himself on the front lawn, where he greeted the women, most of whom had been shopping, and discussed baseball with the odd man or two who showed up. After a time, he would enter the church, despite his not being greatly in demand for the afternoon confession; indeed, it was hardly worth his while to go in at all, though he never knew why. (His voice was quite loud and his "Now, go and say your beads like a good woman" could be heard all over the church.) Every now and then, however, one of the old women with barely a sin to her name would have him hear her confession, so as not to hurt his feelings.

One warm Saturday, Father Finnerty was missing from his place on the lawn. He was down in the basement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supervising the final touches on the installation of his newest addition to the House of God. As he watched, his smile bloomed. It was a central holy-water system, with a main tank in the basement, that automatically replenished the fonts on the floor above, at the back of the church.

Later that afternoon, he could not refrain from stopping the parishioners as they came out of the church, to tell them about it. "Indeed," he said for at least the dozenth time, as he turned toward the rectory for supper, "there's not another parish in the diocese that's got *this* one!"

The blessed man, thought the women as they hurried home with their groceries. What will he be up to next?

Supper in the rectory was early that night, for Lizzie was to go to the Postmen's racket. Father Finnerty had no sooner sat down, however, than he began to feel weary. After he had eaten, the weariness got the best of him and he sat on and on, trying to postpone the task he had set himself of going back to the church to make ready for the morrow, until, finally, Lizzie reminded him that she'd have to be putting her duds on.

"Well then, Lizzie," he said, "this one night will you be a good girl and turn on the coin machine, so it will be ready for the Masses tomorrow?"

Lizzie agreed, though she was a bit snippety about this last delay.

THE "eleven o'clock" on Sundays is always a High Mass. Some of the women feel that it's fit punishment for those people, like Mrs. Higgins, who are so fond of their beds that they won't make an earlier one. On that particular Sunday thirteen years ago, it went on as long as ever it did. At last, Father Finnerty knelt at the foot of the altar, and then walked out into the sacristy. The parishioners turned toward the aisles, greeting each other in subdued voices, which grew louder as they neared the back of the church. When the first of them had almost reached the door, there was a grinding noise, a sort of screeching whine, and then, with a great crash, the holy-water fonts began to spurt up a shower of quarters, pennies, dimes, and nickels.

"Why, it looked exactly like the World's Fair!" Mrs. Higgins said later.

A hush descended upon both women and men. For a moment, they stood still in the aisles, staring in wonder. Then a spirit moved them, and there were cries, exclamations, and a wild scuffling on

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hands and knees around the fonts. It was the most sudden thing, and by the time the ushers went rushing off to get the Father, the church was deserted.

Father Finnerty had gone on to the rectory for breakfast and didn't hear a bit of it until the ushers came tearing in, and then they do say you could have heard one of them, Gerald Mann, for miles around.

"Father! Father!" he cried. "Come quick! The money has gone up the fonts and holy water is leaking out of the safety vault!"

Father Finnerty put on such a sprint that almost before Gerald could take off after him, he was in the basement of the church.

"Cleaned out!" Father Finnerty exclaimed when he had unlocked the door and looked into the money compartments of the vault, now filled only with water.

Lizzie Leach, who had also hurried over from the rectory, was cornered upstairs but could remember doing nothing wrong, and though Father Finnerty and the ushers all tried, by turning the switch of the coin-counting machine on and off and pulling the lever this way and that, they could not duplicate the unique happening. Gerald Mann even risked a couple of pennies from his own pocket; both of them skipped down the chute as merrily as you please, and one came out, with a plunk, into the watery vault. The other gave a tinny little clink in the bowels of the contraption and has never been seen since.

"The whole works is out of whack," said Gerald.

"It's a miracle to me," said Father Finnerty, humbly.

THERE was a great deal of surmising, of course, but when the blessed man passed away the following autumn, the whys and the wherefores remained as mysterious as ever. After much tinkering, Father Finnerty had been able to make the holy-water system and the coin machine work again, though only in the normal way. His miracle is still talked of and its reputation grows. This year, those of the parishioners who are gifted at understanding the special power of numbers see significance in the thirteenth anniversary of the miracle's coming, as it does, in Holy Year. It is a year, they say, in which wonders may be looked for. But Mrs. Higgins, who—aside from a lucky knock on wood now and again—is a skeptic, thinks their hopes are doomed to mortification. Who ever heard of a miracle happening twice in the same place? she would like to know.

Everybody is agreed on one thing, though—that the likes of the good Father will never be seen again. His successor is a good enough man in his way, but he seems to have too much of a care for appearances, in a way that is not exactly sincere. For example, some time after the miracle, a photograph of the late Father Finnerty was pasted up over one of the miraculous fonts in the back of the church, and parishioners grateful for what had happened there came to give thanks at this shrine. They left behind, tacked on the wall under the photograph, relics of the burdens that the miracle had relieved them of: installment booklets, rent receipts, and cancelled pawn tickets. No, his successor is not the man Father Finnerty was, because he thought it necessary, for the looks of the thing, to hang on the wall among these humble testimonials a pair of crutches, which bear the legend "The Lord Be Praised!"

—MARY BARRETT

• •

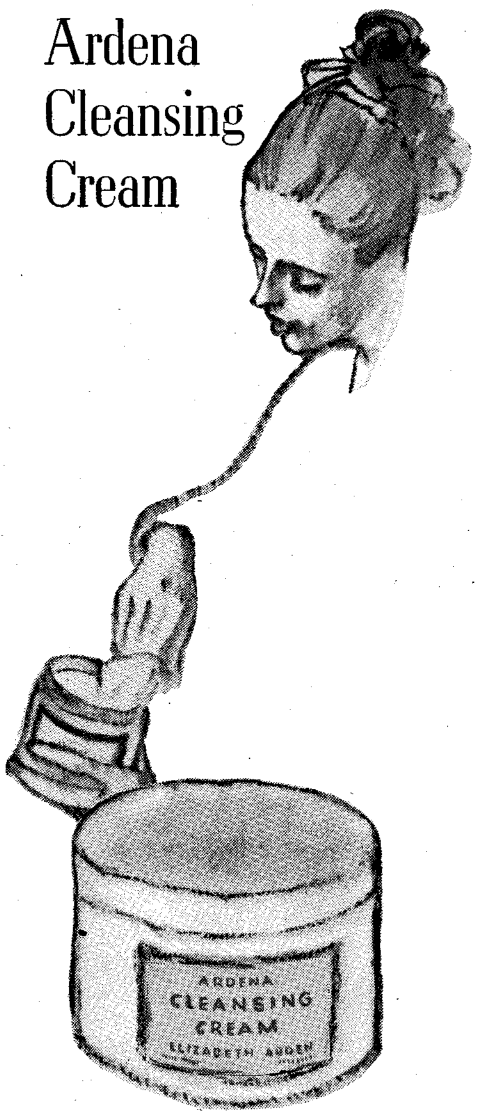
PSYCHOANALYSIS

How can one tell what Love may be about
In his uncharted waters, where the mines
Entice the summer swimmers as they shout
And fishermen reel in tremendous lines?

The marker buoys bob lightly in slow motion
And near the ports the fish are known by schools—
But not the monsters of the deeper ocean
Or those unclassified in the rock pools.

With clarity and elegance of style
Cartographers trace maps—till one forgets
That in the teeming sea, mile after mile,
The biggest fish are still outside the nets.

—GAVIN EWART



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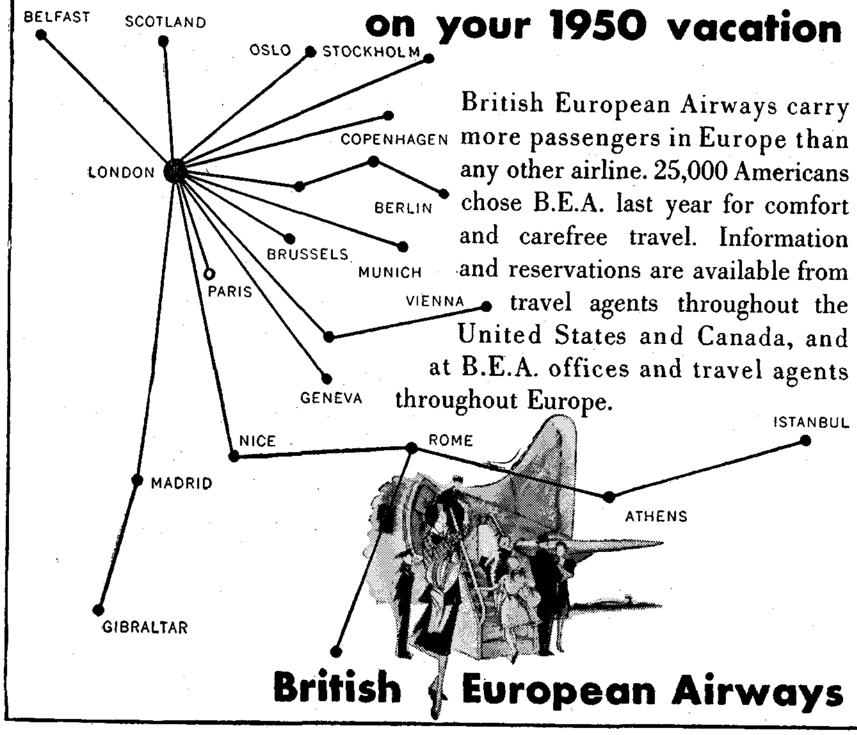

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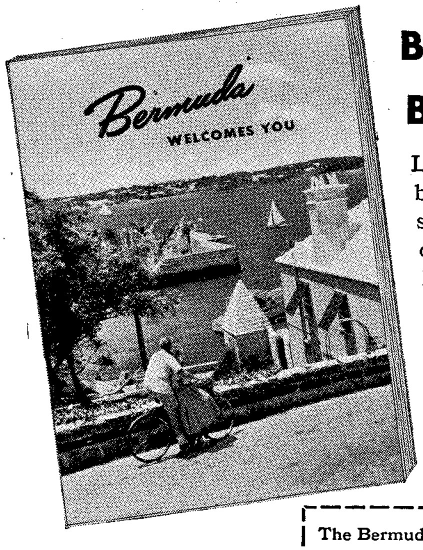


OF ALL THINGS

EVER since Korea blew up, our stock market has been in a state of gloom. We have to conclude that Wall Street does not care much for the imperialistic war it is said to have mongered.

•

Nobody knows what effect our Far Eastern troubles will have on this year's Congressional elections. This might turn out to be another stream we mustn't swap horses in the middle of.

•

The State Department has formally denied the charge that our government feloniously introduced potato bugs into Czechoslovakia. If these pests are really at work there, they must be of good old pre-cold-war stock.

•

The Congressional Atomic Energy Committee reports that our government hopes to construct a hydrogen bomb so powerful that it could wipe out Chicago and its suburbs. For a refreshing change, the scientists have left New York intact.

•

The defeat of Governor J. Strom Thurmond in the South Carolina Senatorial race would seem to mark the beginning of the end for the Dixiecrats. Southern politicians have discovered that taking walks gets you nothing but fresh air and exercise.

•

In these days of rising prices, all right-thinking citizens condemn the harmful practice of hoarding. Some housewives are going so far as to lay in supplies just to keep hoarders from getting them.

•

The most important trend revealed by the 1950 census is the population shift from the large cities to the suburbs. Millions of people have moved to the country to escape congestion, taking it with them.

•

For some reason, there was a nation-wide decline during the first few months of this year in the number of weddings. Perhaps people decided that they should get a house before they get a spouse.

•

After all the encouraging talk, there is to be no reduction in those wartime excise taxes. Just as the old duration was about to expire, we got ourselves a new one. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

BOOKS

The Stendhal Beyle

PREPARING, in 1836, to publish the first two volumes of a novel containing some criticism of the classes then ruling France, Marie Henri Beyle, who wrote under the name of Stendhal, felt obliged to deny in advance the charge that he had been influenced by a subversive doctrine identified with a foreign power. Beyle was Louis Philippe's consul at Civitavecchia, the seaport for the Papal States. He needed his salary to provide leisure for good living and composition. "The author would not live in a democracy like that of America for anything in the world," he therefore wrote in what he intended to be a preface to his novel, "because he prefers to pay court to the Minister of the Interior rather than to the corner grocer."

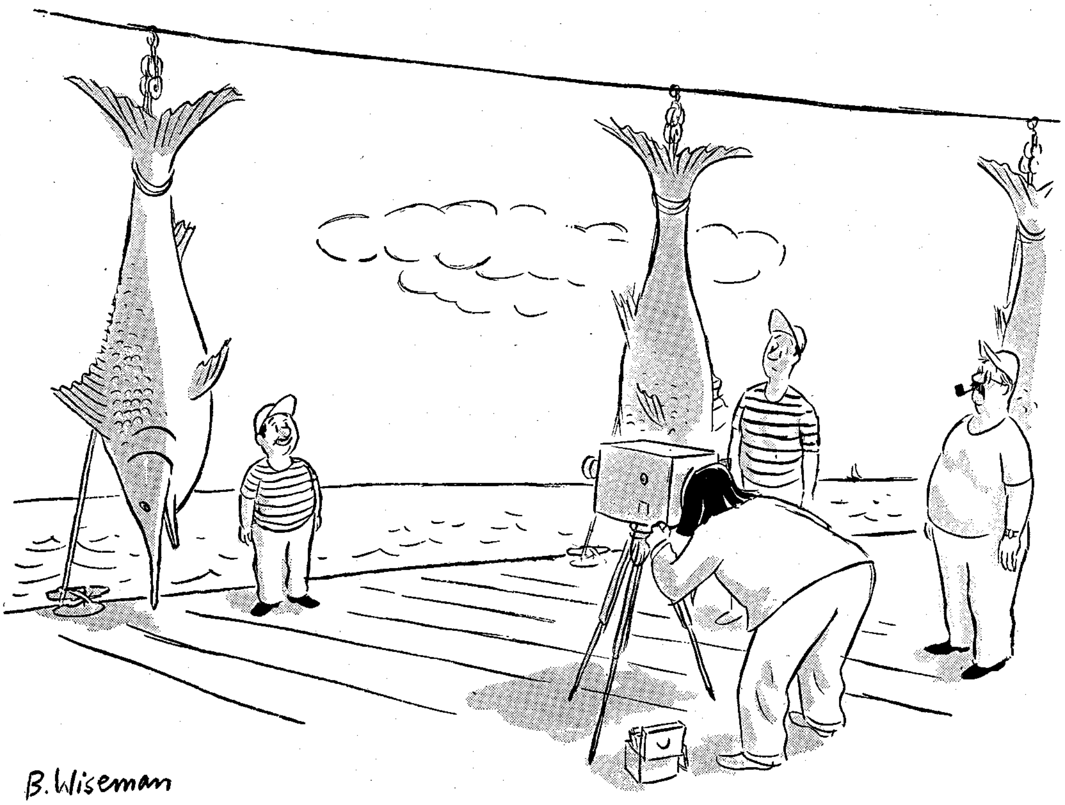
Beyle may have decided upon reflection that this was not a sufficiently enthusiastic assertion of loyalty, since it admitted that under the rule of the Bourgeois King one did have to truckle to officeholders. So Beyle prepared another preface. But Stendhal, his literary alter ego, was as intractable as Beyle was politic. "To tell the truth," the revised preface read, "since we are forced to make a frank confession for fear of worse, the author would be in despair if he had to live under the government of New York. [With characteristic intuition, he knew where the true capital of the United States was even then; only an enemy would attribute his slip to a Gallic ignorance of geography.] He prefers to pay court to M. Guizot [the said Minister] rather than pay court to his bootmaker." Here, in the second sentence, Stendhal withdrew the concession offered by Beyle in the first. Realizing, therefore, that his rephrasing would still be insufficient to win favor, and that in any case no preface could disguise the sentiments of the author, Beyle reached a decision typical of him—not to publish.

Beyle had acquired a job in order to write a novel. Now he suppressed the novel in order to keep the job. Without a steady income, he would have been obliged to earn a living as a free-lance writer of articles. Beyle, acutely conscious of his fifty-three years, considered his future limited. So the old hussar, as he liked to think of himself, made a military man's choice—preserve the line of supply. It paid off strategically. He put aside his unfinished manuscript and three years later produced "The Charterhouse of Parma," in the estimate of all but the most precious Stendhalists a greater book than "Lucien Leuwen," as the novel he abandoned is usually called. Since the whole aim of his campaign was "to make a masterpiece," the decision to drop "Lucien" was proved wise.

"Lucien," two-thirds completed, remained among Beyle's papers for thirteen years after his death, in 1842. Then the first third of the book was published. The second third was disinterred and published in the nineties, but it was not until the nineteen-twenties that a good French edition of both parts—all that exists of the work—appeared; since then, it has been almost as generally read in France as "The Red and the Black" or "The Charterhouse of Parma." Publication of "The Green Huntsman" (New Directions)—with the small notation on the book's spine (though not on its dust jacket) "Book One of Lucien Leuwen"—marks the first appearance of either section of the book in English. The translation and the editing have been done by Louise Varèse. The publishers promise the second section within a year.

"Lucien Leuwen" presents a Stendhal new to this country; this is the only novel of his in which the central character is less important than the milieu. It is as much a social novel as "Dead Souls" or "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour." Lucien himself is neither Napoleonic, like Julien Sorel, of "The Red and the Black," who forced himself upward through the strata of a granitic society, nor romantic, like Fabrice, of "The Charterhouse," the charm boy caught up in a grand-opera libretto with thinking characters. Lucien is an ingenuous, fairly intelligent young man advantageously placed to observe a disappointing phase of history. He is twenty years old when the story opens, rich, handsome, unharassed—everything Beyle was not. He has no incentive to do more than maintain his interior honesty, and he finds even that difficult. For this is the world immortalized in Daumier's lithographs, in which there is no honest face except it be an idiot's.

Under Louis Philippe, a venal and sanctimonious government tried to hold



to the middle of the way (which it interpreted as being just inside the right shoulder of the road) between a frightened, rancorous aristocracy, haunted by nightmare memories of 1789, and a sullen, underfed working class, which considered itself cheated of the fruits of two revolutions. The middle classes, convinced that a finish fight between Right and Left had to come, were scrambling to make as much money as possible before the start of the shooting. (There are analogies here with post-Liberation France at its most exasperating.) "Enrich yourselves!" the Bourgeois King himself said. The techniques of money-making, being new, were unrefined. Doctors were quacks, lawyers shysters, big and little businessmen swindlers on their respective scales. An honorable statesman was one who sold advance information of financial policy to bankers—and then did not double-cross them. The large army—three hundred and seventy-five thousand for a population of thirty million—presented the most painful spectacle of all to the sentimental Beyle. Its senior officers were graduates of the Napoleonic Wars who in his opinion had swallowed their honor when they swore allegiance to the restored Bourbons. (I do not know why this seemed more reprehensible to him than that he, who had also served Napoleon, should be Louis Philippe's consul, but it did.) This army had no more noble task to perform than strike duty, which, being bored, it often carried out with a maximum of bloodshed.

Beyle suppressed his indignation in his official communications and private correspondence. But when he sat down to his manuscript and became Stendhal, he faced the same necessity as his hero Lucien; his inner honor demanded that he not conform. It is hard to understand why he did not foresee his dilemma in 1834, when he began the book. Daumier, who had no consul's salary to keep him, went right on publishing his own form of social criticism, at the rate of two or three lithographs a week in newspapers; in 1832 he got six months in prison for a particularly indelicate caricature of the King—not a severe sentence by Franco or Hitler standards, but cramping. Beyle's hesitation to publish "Lucien" is therefore comprehensible, but it must have been difficult for a writer to withhold a book so amusing.

Lucien, like Julien and Fabrice, embodies an unfulfilled Beyle ambition. Julien dominates people; Beyle never did. Fabrice is loved concurrently by

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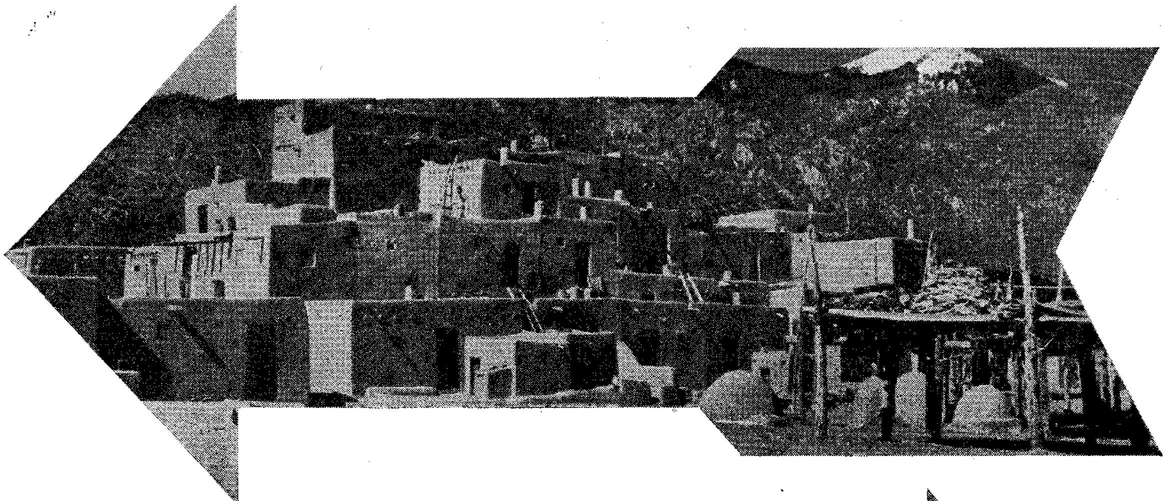

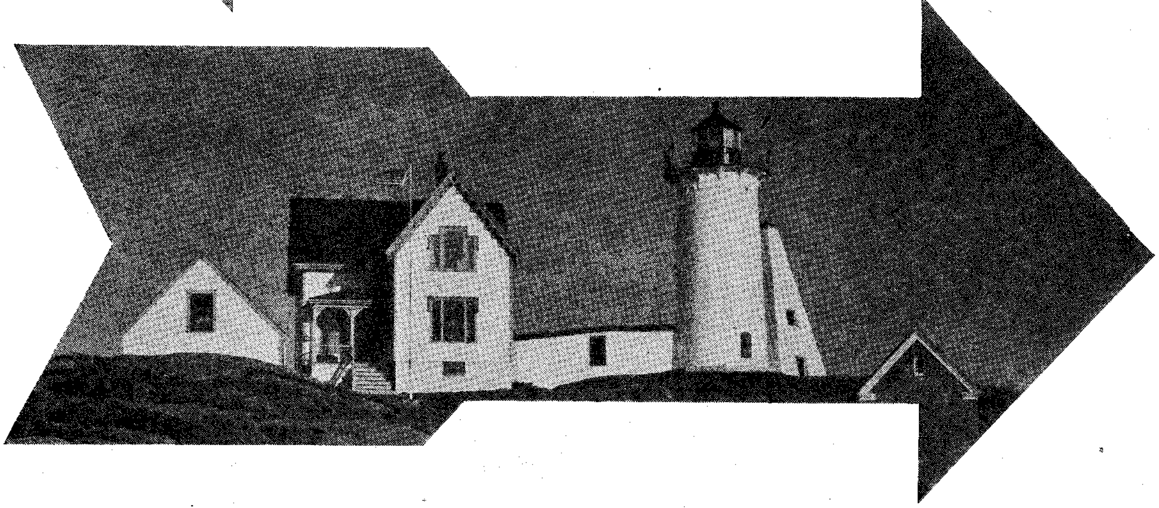

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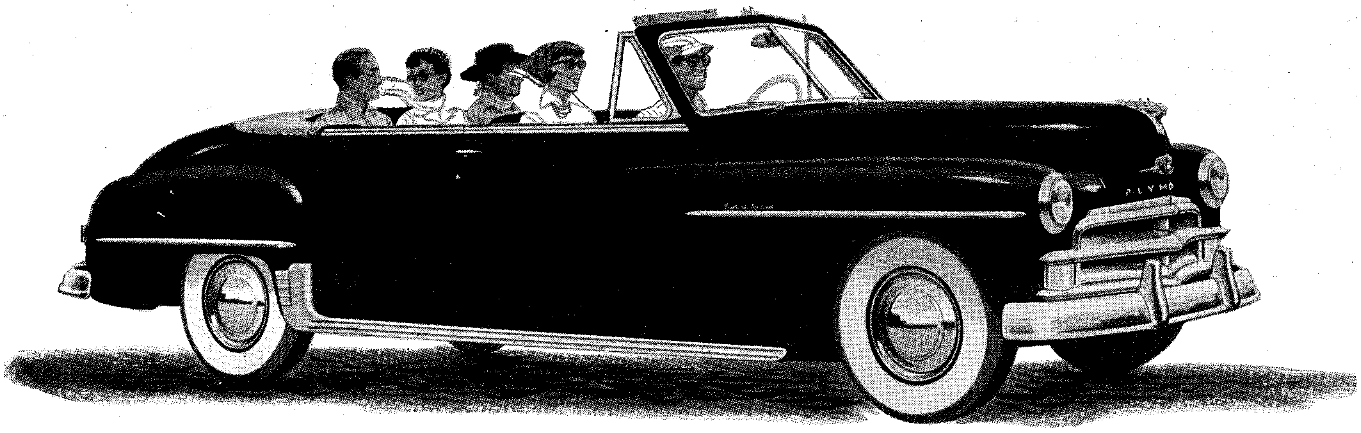

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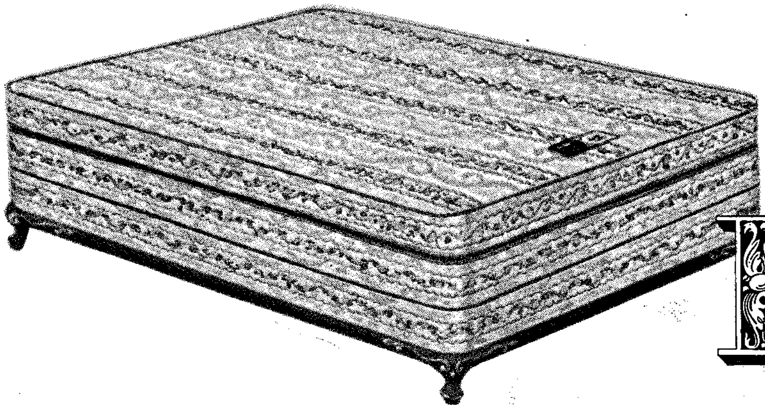

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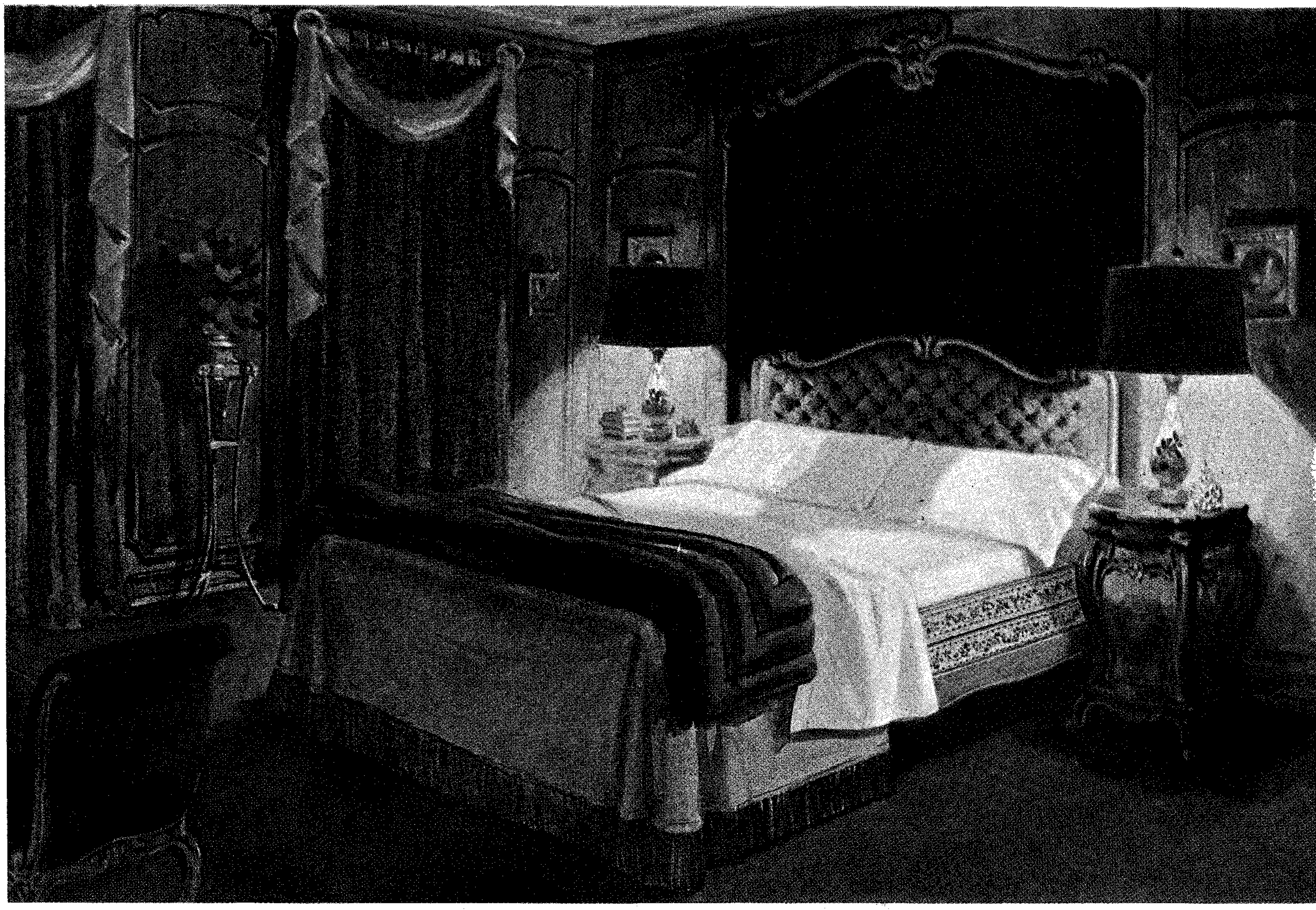

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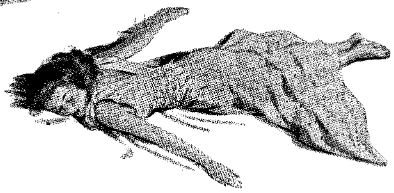

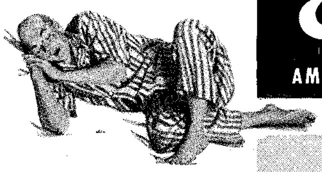

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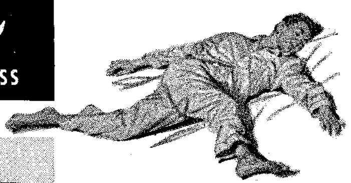
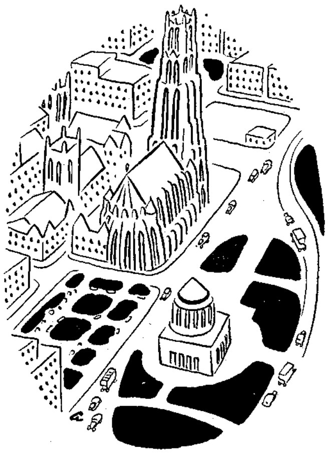


*TM The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company ★TM The Englander Company, Inc. © 1950, The Englander Company, Inc., Chicago, Illinois two beautiful women; Beyle was never sure of even one. Lucien is rich; there was nothing Beyle, all through his life, desired more ardently to be, as his diaries attest. Lucien, a great financier's son but a dilettante republican (suspected of parlor Americanism with crypto-Jacksonian deviations), accepts an Army commission out of ennui and a taste for horsemanship. He is posted to the 27th Lancers at Nancy, a provincial city almost evenly divided between Legitimists and Republicans, both as hostile to the government as the de Gaullistes and the Communists are today. The officers of the regiment are victims of this ambidextrous ostracism; they resign themselves to a life of billiards, blind drunks, shoptalk, and duels. Lucien determines to make his way into the city's society of nobility, partly because of *snobisme* (there was a faint dash of Scott Fitzgerald in Beyle) but mostly because it is the only way to meet Mme. de Chasteller, a beautiful aristocrat he saw at her window on the evening of the regiment's arrival in Nancy. On that occasion, as he looked at the lovely creature, his horse fell with him—a Stendhalian contretemps.

It is the vast cast of supporting characters that provides most of the reader's pleasure, among them being the de Serpierres, a family of straitened aristocrats that includes six homely unmarried daughters (one of them a darling), and Dr. Du Poirier, an insatiably curious, timidly implacable Royalist physician with a rage for manipulating other people's lives. Du Poirier is a villain to remember. But Stendhal is at his best when he writes of soldiers; to use General Pershing's phrase, Beyle "knew military." The description of the Lancers' inglorious and on the whole uneventful expedition against a village of striking textile workers is on a plane with the Waterloo part of "The Charterhouse." When Lucien returns from this distasteful excursion, feeling like a heel, Mme. de Chasteller falls into his arms for the first time, having thought of him as being in great danger. He plans a love scene as coldly as the chief character in Choderlos de Laclos's "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," one of Beyle's favorite books. He arrives before his quarry and acts like Willie Baxter, a character born long after Beyle's time. The invention of such situations is a Stendhal forte. The hero feels contempt for himself, and suddenly things go right; he is in a state of euphoria, and suddenly his world falls apart. None of this is fortuitous; all the episodes are connected by a series of small, concealed psychological hooks, like the one joining the Lancers' raid and Mme. de Chasteller's welcome.



Lucien conquers the salons and nearly wins Mme. de Chasteller but is diverted from his prey by Du Poirier, who stages an elaborate deception to make him believe that Madame has had a child out of wedlock. This sends Lucien packing off to Paris, but even as the curtain falls on "Lucien Leuwen," Part I, we know that the lovers are destined to be reunited. Stendhal expressed this intention in outlines of the novel found among his papers. Beyle died before it was politically expedient to finish his fearless critique, and so we are deprived of a Stendhal novel with a happy ending.

The title selected for the volume, "The Green Huntsman," is a translation of the name of an inn near Nancy where Lucien and Mme. de Chasteller hold tender conversations. Miss Varèse says, in justification of the choice, that the author himself never made up his mind as to which of seven titles he preferred for the entire work. The name of the inn was one of them. She has therefore, she writes in an introduction to this book, chosen to use "for the general title 'Lucien Leuwen,' the one most frequently used in the French editions. 'The Green Huntsman' for the first volume, because it is charming, pertinent, and also familiar as the title under which a part of the book was published for the first time." That is fair enough, but I think the whole ought to get top billing over the part. One might as well issue half of "Moby Dick" in a dust jacket labelled "Loomings," which is the title of the first chapter.

Stendhal's writing was intentionally dry and precise, and the translation preserves these qualities, which were based upon Beyle's study of the Code Napoléon. The quality that Stendhal never found in any model, though, is the marvellous, mocking intelligence that irradiates everything he produced. Now

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that we are getting all Stendhal into English, perhaps somebody will give us a translation of the Beyle of the Diaries.

—A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FOLLOW ME DOWN, by Shelby Foote (Dial). Luther Eustis, a Mississippi farmer in his early fifties, runs off to an island with an eighteen-year-old girl named Beulah and kills her when she tries to keep him from going back to his wife and family. Mr. Foote, as well as most of the people in the book, seems anxious to explain away the elopement and the murder on the ground that Eustis is insane. This is too bad, because the strength and anguish of the story lie in the obvious fact that Eustis is a simple, disappointed, hard-working man who for a short time finds courage to take love when it is offered. Except for an occasional ascent into rhetoric, Mr. Foote's writing is marvellously exact and positive. His attitude toward his people is respectful and human, as though he had thought about them a great deal and knew too much about them ever to take them for granted.

VINEGAR HILL, by Franklin Coen (Rinehart). A first novel dealing with an outbreak of violence in a small Southern town. Basically, Mr. Coen has an excellent story to tell, about the efforts of a group of youngish veterans to oust the local sheriff, either legally or, if necessary, by force, after one of their number has been beaten to death while distributing pamphlets about a political land swindle. In an attempt to point up the various forces at work behind this kind of incident, however, the author has injected into the novel a lot of material that clutters up rather than clarifies the issue—glimpses into the life of an elderly statesman, born in the town and about to retire there, who comes to the guilty realization that he's still pretty much in the power of the state boss; a Negro knifing brawl, which serves to precipitate the climax; and an inconclusive, unappetizing love affair involving the statesman's granddaughter and one of the disillusioned young men. All the small-town types are well and tersely presented. Mr. Coen might quite successfully have focussed his novel on them alone.

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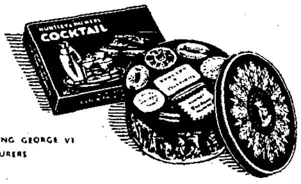

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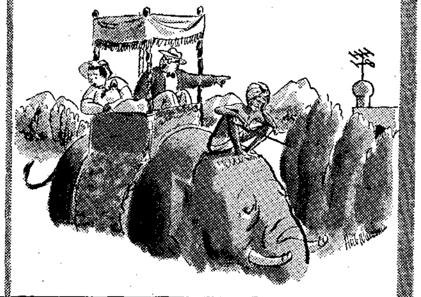

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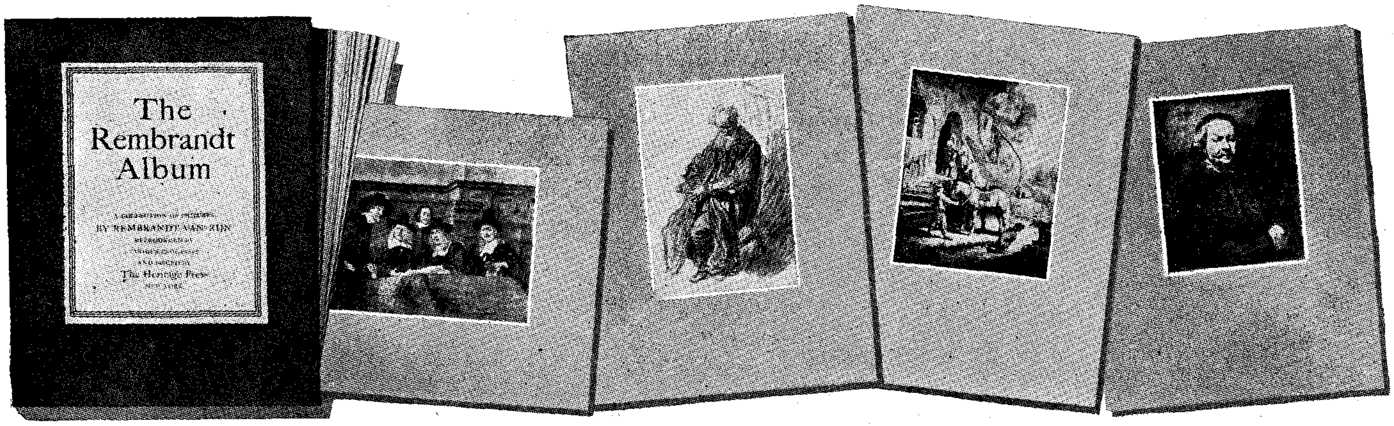

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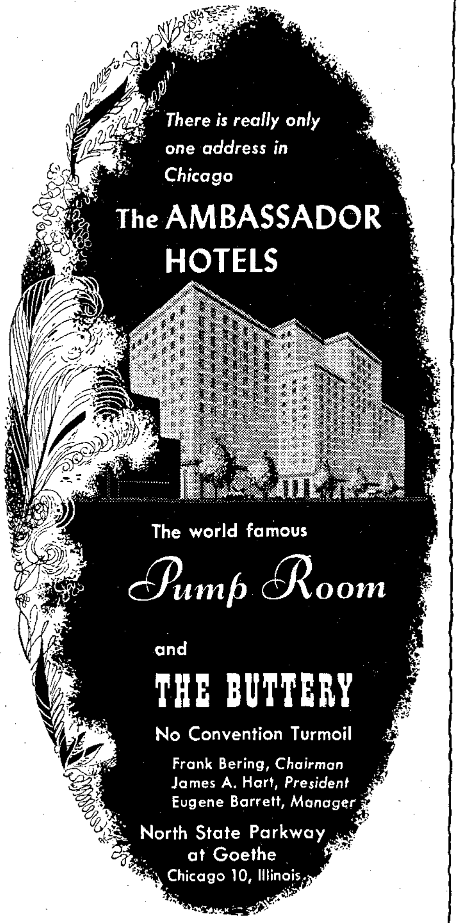

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lan). The third in a series of novels designed, ultimately, to cover the life span of Robert Burns. This monumental hunk, well over six hundred pages long, is devoted to a sixteen-month period in the late seventeen-eighties, during which the Ayrshire Plowman descended on Edinburgh in search of a publisher and, having accomplished his purpose, set out with a friend on the tour of the Scottish countryside that resulted in his marriage to his bonny and excessively acquiescent Jeanie and in the birth of that lady's second brace of twins. Mr. Barke, an ardent historian, has undoubtedly reconstructed from the best possible sources every event, of either an amorous or a literary character, occurring during this portion of the bard's career, and he has in addition interlarded his narrative with a suitable amount of modified Scots dialect. His depiction of Burns as a high-minded fellow—a wee bit oversexed, perhaps, but confronted at every turn by the nymphomaniacs of Auld Reekie and its environs—isn't especially convincing or nearly as flattering as the author intended.

A STRETCH ON THE RIVER, by Richard Bissell (Little, Brown). A novel, made up of loosely connected incidents, that is partly a record of the experiences of a young man who in 1943 leaves his rather wealthy family and his local draft board to work as a deckhand on a Mississippi towboat, and partly a catchall for the author's opinions on related and unrelated subjects. The experiences are more interesting and a good deal funnier than the opinions. Mr. Bissell is a sensitive and enthusiastic reporter, and it's a pity he almost spoils his book by the pose he strikes as a writer. A licensed river pilot, he at times seems to be trying so hard to impress the reader with his professional knowledgeability that he sounds embarrassingly like an amateur trying to sound like a pro.

TWO ADOLESCENTS, by Alberto Moravia (Farrar, Straus). Agostino and Luca, the two adolescents, are discovered at the moment of their introduction to sex. The boys' adventures are related separately—Luca gets a little more space than Agostino—and their author pursues them both very seriously and with great endurance, describing their temptations, their sensations, and their impatience in a voluptuous, diving prose that is engaging until we realize with dismay that both boys are self-conscious little bores, and that the only fresh element in the whole matter is Mr. Moravia's own open wonder at the inevitability and strangeness of it all.

GENERAL

THE LITTLE PRINCESSES, by Marion Crawford (Harcourt, Brace). The governess in charge of the upbringing and much of the formal education of the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose tells with unflagging bounce just how she went about the job of providing her young ladies with something approaching a normal upper-middle-class existence and at the same time instilling in them an appropriate awareness of their royal status. Since Miss Crawford possesses a disposition flexible enough to enable her to join with equal sangfroid in a practical joke on the gardener at Windsor Castle and in a state affair at Buckingham Palace, she was unquestionably the ideal person to tackle this paradoxical assignment. Her rather girlishly written reminiscence, covering a seventeen-year period, is filled with the type of detail favored by some avid members of the feminine reading public—the exact color of the jumpers worn by the Princesses, for example. It also contains a good deal of comment that could, under the circumstances, be classed as candid, having to do with the differing degrees of amenability with which her charges reacted to her regime. Photographs. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

REUNION IN SICILY, by Jerre Mangione (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Mangione set out for Sicily, his parents' birthplace, a couple of years ago with two purposes in mind—to check up on the family connections and to study the impact of a dictatorship and a war on an admittedly turbulent collection of people. As things turned out, these projects dovetailed admirably, since his innumerable relatives represented, very vocally, every shade of political opinion and every type of wartime experience, and were united only in their determination to marry him off to a Sicilian girl. (They didn't succeed.) By the end of his stay, Mr. Mangione's fears for Sicily's future, engendered chiefly by a previous visit in 1936, had mostly vanished, mainly because of the omnipresence of what he refers to as "spiritual ease" among its inhabitants. This is the quality, he feels, that will enable them eventually to resolve most of their current confusions. An able piece of reporting, with none of the stylistic frills characteristic of many accounts of this sort.

Elephant Bill, by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Williams (Doubleday). A fascinating chronicle of life with the elephant herds in the Burma forests, where the author spent twenty-two years supervising the hauling of teak logs for the Bombay Burma Trading Corporation. Colonel Williams was a specialist in "elephant management," overseeing the work and administering to the welfare of the elephants and their "oozies," the Burmese natives who ride and guide them. When war with Japan came, and the elephants of Burma were drafted for jungle transport and bulldozing service, he was put in charge of the operation. He is crazy about elephants, and his book is full of information concerning them—their intelligence and resourcefulness on the job, their differences in personality and temperament, and how and where they die (no elephant graveyards). Many splendid photographs.

John Quincy Adams, by George A. Lipsky (Crowell). A biographical study of the sixth President, written with particular attention to his social and political ideology. The author feels that Adams has been unfairly neglected in our history and that, with few exceptions, the books about him are inadequate or prejudiced. One of the reasons for this, he suggests, is Adams' apparent lack of any cohesive and systematic political philosophy, because throughout his half century of public life he was an almost fanatical independent, at one time or another in hot water with every party and faction, and did not hesitate to support his political opponents if he thought they were in the right. Professor Lipsky shows that Adams did, however, possess a consistent body of ideas, which had its roots in eighteenth-century English philosophy and was supported by a wide culture and a first-class intellect. The reasoned exposition of these ideas as they manifested themselves in Adams' career makes the book interesting, and even exciting, but as a study of a human personality it is a disappointment.

Journey into the Self, by Leo Stein (Crown). Letters, excerpts from notebooks and journals, and a frag-

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ment from the book Mr. Stein was working on at the time of his death, at the age of seventy-five, in 1947. That book was to have been an autobiography of sorts, setting forth the history of a mind rather than the events of an outwardly not very eventful life. In a sense, this collection of odds and ends is—in content, if not in form—what the author had in mind. It begins with a sheaf of letters he wrote to his sister Gertrude in 1900, a few years before his famous "discovery" of Picasso, Matisse, and other modern painters. In the letters that follow, written to friends, artists, and members of his family, Mr. Stein explored himself thoroughly, discussing his protracted and finally victorious battle with a crippling neurosis, his belated discovery of love and the satisfactions of a long-considered marriage, and his growth as a philosopher and as a critic of the arts (especially of painting), the field in which his gifts provided him with his strongest claim on posterity. His preoccupation with himself is at times a little oppressive, but the book, for all its introspectiveness, reflects an extraordinary personality and a man of wisdom, humor, and independence of spirit. Photographs.

A Pictorial History of the Movies, by Deems Taylor, Bryant Hale, and Marcelene Peterson (Simon & Schuster). An enlarged edition of a book first published in 1943. The title of this volume is overambitious, since the photographs included are principally concerned with the masterworks of Hollywood. While shots from "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Bicycle Thief" do manage to find a place here, no samples are offered of the superb creations of Eisenstein, Pagnol, Pabst, Dreyer, or, indeed, of most of the other European experts. The captions, though determinedly whimsical, are informative, and the book ought to be helpful if you happen into one of those late-evening discussions involving the identity of Ramon Navarro's rival in "Ben Hur" or the year when Gladys Smith was transformed into Mary Pickford.

VERSE

On the Hill, by John Masefield (Macmillan). The Poet Laureate's hand has by no means lost its skill; several of these poems, written in his advanced years, are beautifully put together. Like Thomas Hardy in his last years but without Hardy's

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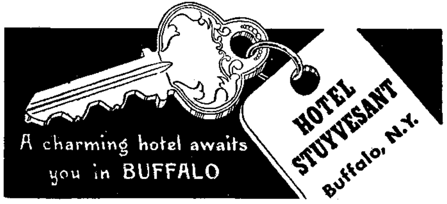

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uncompromising pessimism, Masefield turns toward the simplest ballad forms, from which he can still wring an eerie and brutal primitive charm.

The Collected Poems of Isaac Rosenberg, with a foreword by Siegfried Sassoon (Schocken). Rosenberg belongs, like Wilfred Owen and the early Sassoon, in the category of young poets who expressed, in the words of Laurence Binyon, "the inhuman horror of modern war with a great heart." He was killed in France in 1918, at the age of twenty-seven. His large promise shows up, in this meticulously edited volume, as much in his unfinished fragments as in his completed poems and short plays, of which the "Trench Poems" are the most powerful.

The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc, by Charles Péguy, translation and foreword by Julian Green (Pantheon). This is the major work of this French Catholic poet, who was killed at the outbreak of war in 1914. Péguy, whose style often cuts across the rules of French prosody, combines sturdy intellectual reasoning with mystical fervor. The center of this mystery play is a long dialogue between Joan, as a young girl, and an older woman, Mme. Gervaise, thought to represent the Church.

Paterson: Books 1 and 2, and Paterson: Book 3, by William Carlos Williams (New Directions). The first two books of Dr. Williams' "personal epic" (which will be completed with the publication of Book 4, in 1951) are now made available in one volume. The third book, newly published in a finely printed format, turns out to be the most poignant work yet produced by the poet-physician who has spent a lifetime endeavoring to express his vision of his times in terms of his particular New Jersey scene and in his own "American language."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Hunt with the Hounds, by Mignon G. Eberhart (Random House). After Sue Poore, of the Virginia Poores, has succeeded in getting her lover acquitted of his wife's murder, she is dismayed to find that she is suspected of the crime herself. Meanwhile she's decided that she has never really loved him, so his noble offer to do the right thing embarrasses and annoys her. How Sue manages to extricate herself from

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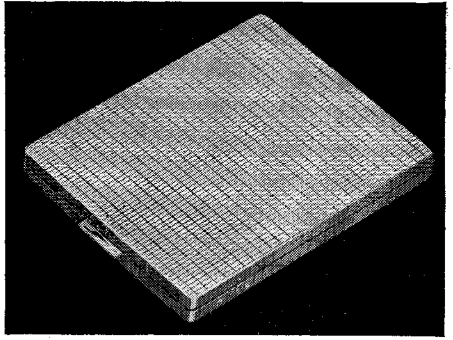

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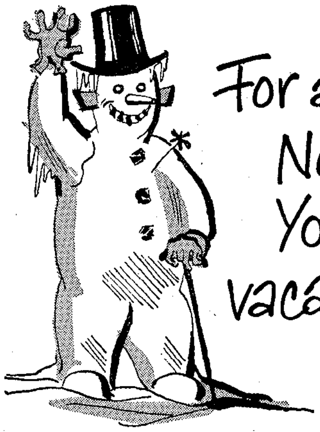

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this very trying situation—further complicated by the idiosyncrasies of hounds, horses, faithful retainers, and the traditions and liveries of various hunts—is almost too much for any mind, especially a Northern, non-foxhunting one.

EPISODE OF THE WANDERING KNIFE, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Rinehart). Two novelettes and a short story by a lady who has been employed at her grisly trade since the early years of the century. The title piece has something to do with a murder in more or less exalted suburban surroundings, perhaps Mrs. Rinehart's happiest milieu; "The Secret" features the activities of Nurse Adams, who, as her admirers know, has a way of her own with crime; and "The Man Who Hid His Breakfast" tells how a strangler was trapped by the discovery of two rolls and a slice of ham in a hotel bathroom. The author's prose may seem a bit leisurely to devotees of Sam Spade and Perry Mason, but it still has its appeal, and the plotting is, of course, impeccable.

SOMEBODY ON THE PHONE, by William Irish (Lippincott). Generally speaking, Mr. Irish's characters go through more in one night than most of us go through in a lifetime, and the people in this collection of eight short stories are no exceptions. In the first story, for instance, Johnny Donovan, a young man who is just trying to go straight, is picked up by a couple of Beefy Borden's hoods on page 11; is pistol-whipped and bound with copper wire on pages 17 and 18; is stripped to the waist and beaten with a belt buckle on pages 20 and 21; is left, presumably for dead, on page 22; and is triumphantly resurrected, bleeding freely but still talking tough, on page 30. The other stories are a little less violent, but there is enough gore for everybody. The author's style ("They'd both lost, and the winner was the same old winner—death") is admirably suited to his material.

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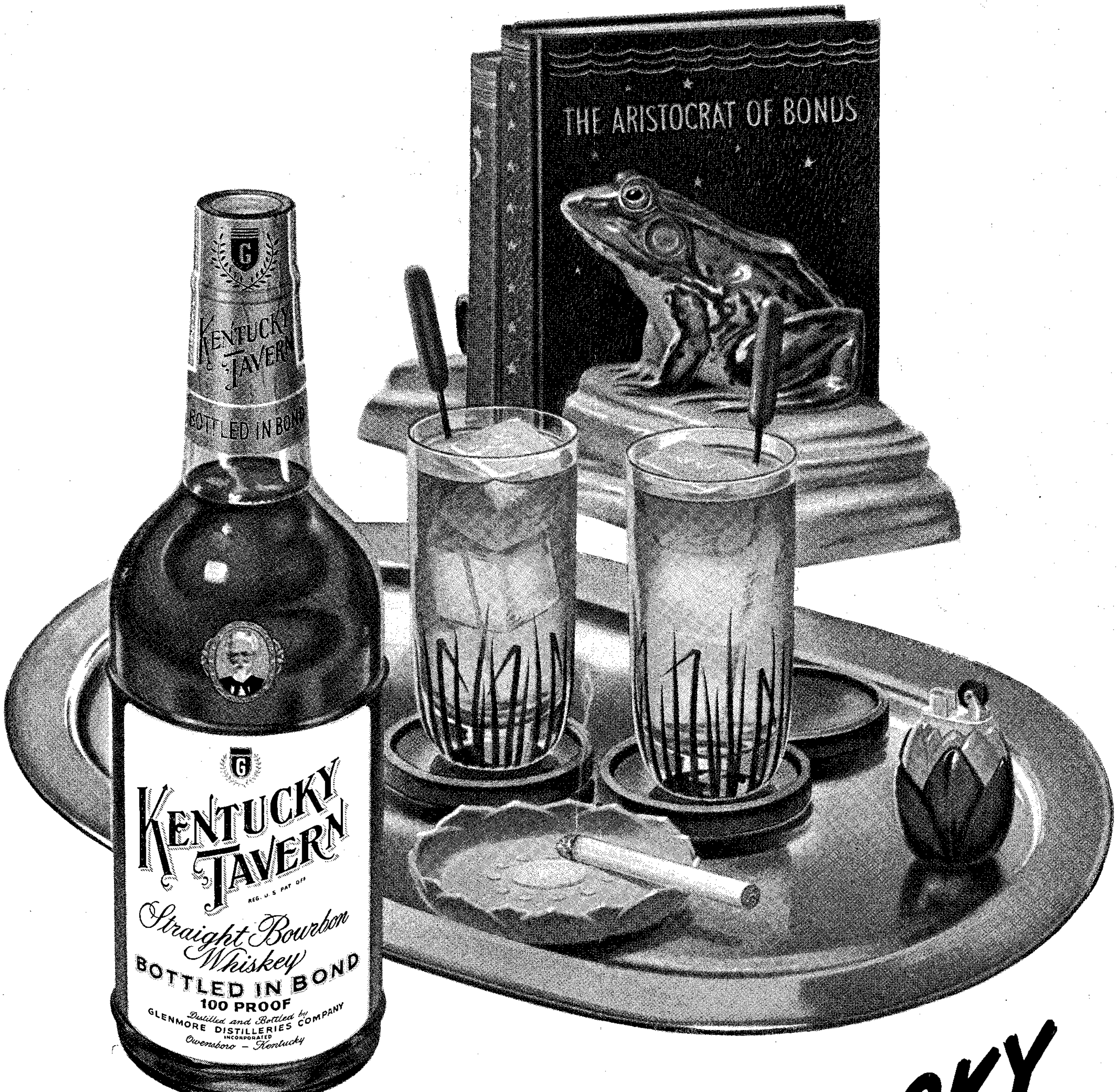
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